

HIS CIGARETTE may or may not be a Fatima. But only a few years ago, if you recall, it would have seemed strange to see a man of affairs smoke a cigarette of any kind.

Cigarettes are the mildest form of smoking. That is why they appeal to-

day to so many men of this type—men who force success by *clear thinking*. And, because Fatimas are so truly a **SENSIBLE** cigarette, they are day by day becoming the chosen smoke of more and more men of this calibre.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

Out of Order

OUR suffragist friends got in wrong when they made their formal appeal to President Wilson, please to stop the war in Europe. Hardly anyone has had a good word to say for that demonstration of the desire of the suffrage ladies to be doing something. It was out of time, out of place, out of order. It bothered the President, and, in so far as it did anything, it diminished his power as a peacemaker. If he is to be useful as a mediator it will be by the most careful and attentive use of the method of watchful waiting. He can do nothing to help the belligerents until they are ready to be helped, and his ability to help when the time comes will depend very much on his success in keeping clear of abortive preliminary efforts. The suffrage ladies would hardly advise a surgeon when to operate. They would say that if he did not know he was a no-good surgeon. This is a like case. If the President is not himself able to choose the time to help Europe, his services as a helper are not likely to be valuable. Meanwhile the way to help him is to let him alone.

Society Notes in Our Town

THE engagement is announced of the charming widow of E. Lefter Lotz to G. Munn, the wealthy young man-about-town.

A. Banks Buster has returned from quite a stay at Auburn.

I. Dodge Tacqueses was the pur-

**DETROIT
SPRINGS**
SELF LUBRICATING

Hardness,
capacity,
resilience are all
predetermined by
severe tests at
the factory

**DETROIT STEEL
PRODUCTS CO.**
Detroit Michigan



When More Makes Less
More quality, more size and weight, more service, more safety, all combine to make less expense and trouble when you equip with Pennsylvania Oilproof

VACUUM CUP TIRES

Guaranteed—per warranty tag on each casing—for
6,000 Miles
Guaranteed Oilproof. Guaranteed not to skid on wet or greasy pavements or returnable at purchase price, after reasonable trial.

**Pennsylvania
Rubber Company
Jeannette, Pa.**

Direct factory branches and service agencies throughout the United States and Canada

Learn to look for the Dealer who displays the Blue and Yellow Vacuum Cup Sign.

**VACUUM CUP TIRES
6,000 MILES**

**You pay for the
Quality - the
Safety costs
you nothing**

chaser of the \$50,000 Velasquez portrait of Guy Fawkes.

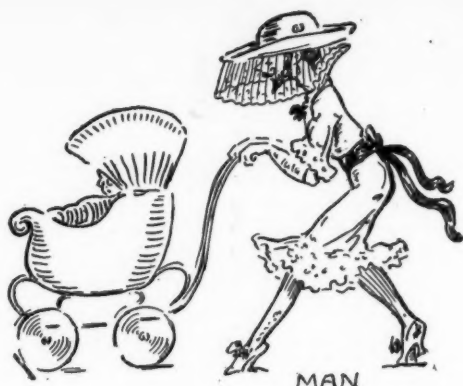
Mr. and Mrs. Home Battles lunched at the Casino Sunday. They still show the marks of their recent auto accident.

W. Sharpe Brokaw has joined the Skinner firm in Wall Street.

A charming innovation has been introduced at the Hotel. Iced water has been added to the menu at ten cents (p.p.), and finger bowls

at fifteen cents (p.p.). To prevent extortion a uniform charge of fifteen cents is made for each hat, wrap, stick or umbrella left with the boys at the entrances to the restaurants. Questions are cheerfully answered at the Information Desk for twenty-five cents a question (p.p.).

Inigo Free has become a regular first-nighter and always goes out between the acts with his friend Juniper Gynne.



The Prophetic Number of LIFE is coming on March 21, Tuesday. If you are interested in what's coming to you, upon that day all will be revealed.



Coming

Easter Number: This overwhelmingly rich double number, the first week in April, will cost you 25 cents, unless you are a regular subscriber.

Humiliation Number: Why do the American people feel Humiliated? You will learn on Tuesday, April 11, when this number will be issued.

Miniature Life: A new edition of this remarkably able little paper is now being prepared. Notice later.

A few copies of Miniature Life No. 3 still on hand. Sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp.



The "Don't" Number is coming. Yes, that is a secret.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York.

One Year \$5.00 (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)

Could You Use More Personal Energy?

Could You in Your Daily Life Use From Thirty to Fifty Percent More Energy and Greater Recuperative Power, Greater Vitality, a Keener Mind, a Stronger Heart and a Thoroughly Balanced Nervous System—a Greater Realization of Life? Could You, in Other Words, Make Profitable Use of Greater Energy?

Have you derived that satisfaction in living which a thoroughly virile, energetic and keen organism makes possible? Are you interested in increasing your powers of living, in making your life unusually long, pleasurable and successful, free of all inefficiencies and infirmities?

Not Self-Abnegation But Self-Assertion—Self-Evolution

What one man calls prosperity, another man calls poverty. It all depends upon the standard of living. What one man calls virility and energy, another man calls weakness and stagnation. What one man calls perfect health, another man would regard as inferior physiological efficiency.

What Others Have To Say

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your System to do work of mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude, I am telling my croaking and complaining friends, 'Try Swoboda.'"

"I never felt so well before in my life."

"I have searched for just this kind of a System and physical improvement for three years. I am a blacksmith, but your System gives me results which my work and exercise cannot equal. I enclose my check with pleasure."

"I feel ashamed that I hesitated so long to give your System a trial; now I wonder why everyone does not take it. I am 73 years old, but your System is making a young man of me."

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts both to body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your System too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your System highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your System developed me most wonderfully."

"I think you, System is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your System too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

I Have At Least 50,000 Similar Testimonials

You no doubt would be surprised to learn that you are but half alive, and that you have missed the best part of your existence through remaining satisfied with and clinging to inferior health, inferior vitality and inferior energy. Thousands of individuals have learned by demonstration that they, in reality, were living inferior lives, even though they regarded themselves in good health and vitality.

My book will enable you to determine for yourself whether or not you are unconsciously leading an inferior life. It tells how to improve your every capacity.

Energy Is the Foundation of Life, Health and Success.

Energetic people are fruitful people. They are the people who produce art, literature and wealth, in a million forms. They create farms, factories, mines, banks, parks, schools and buildings that scrape the sky. They produce the industries of the world. They have inspiration, intuition, sense, judgment, ambition, initiative, the will to do and the compelling qualities. They are the ruling people. I offer you the opportunity to be one of them.

Men and women of all ages and conditions profit through Conscious Evolution.

**ALOIS P. SWOBODA,
1912 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.**

It is futile to describe the Swoboda kind of health and energy by words. You must experience for yourself to appreciate it, and at the same time, to realize in what way you are living an inferior life.

MY NEW COPYRIGHTED BOOK IS FREE. It explains the **SWOBODA SYSTEM OF CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION** and the human body as it has never been explained before. It will **startle, educate, and enlighten you.**

My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws to your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessively deep breathing.

Write today for my Free Book and full particulars before it slips your mind.

You owe it to yourself at least to learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution for men and women.



“What! My Car?”

“Yes! skidded—and it’s up to you. You failed to provide the chauffeur with Tire Chains. Only good luck saved your wife from paying the supreme penalty for your negligence. She’s on the way to the hospital painfully injured, but the doctor thinks she’ll pull through. You’d better hurry to the hospital and then report to Headquarters”.

How strange it is that disaster must come to some men before they realize that all makes and types of tires will skid on wet pavements and muddy roads when not equipped with Chains.

These men do not appreciate, until too late, that by failing to provide Weed Anti-Skid Chains

they expose their families to injury and death.

The time to provide against accidents is before they happen. Don’t wait until after the first skid. Put Weed Chains on all four tires at the first indication of slippery going and you will have quadruple protection against injury, death, car damage and law suits.

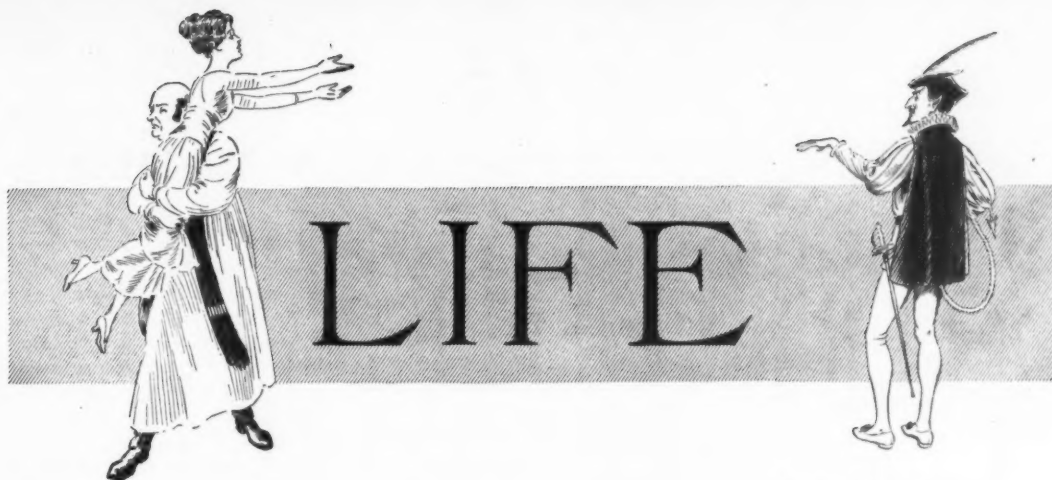
Weed Chains are Sold for All Tires by Dealers Everywhere

AMERICAN CHAIN CO. INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Sole Manufacturers of Weed Anti-Skid Chains

In Canada—DOMINION CHAIN CO., Ltd., Niagara Falls, Ontario.





The Land of the Sweltering Palm

HE went to get a change of air
In Florida bewitching,
And found along his pathway there
The spreading palm was everywhere,
And every palm was itching!

Man's Way

MAUDE: What makes you think his intentions are serious?

MABEL: When he first began to call he used to talk about the books I like to read.

MAUDE: And now?

MABEL: Now he talks about the things he likes to eat.



ORGANIZED CHARITY

How Came It That We Missed Him?

Russell Herman Conwell, America's most famous living preacher, will be 74 years old to-day.

—"Girard" in the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

NEVER heard of him before.

Girard says he preaches to the largest Protestant congregation in the United States; that he is the last survivor of the galaxy of lyceum lecturers to which Beecher belonged; that he founded a university thirty years ago which now has three thousand students; that he has written a dozen books and given away a million dollars. Yet we never heard of him before.

That argues, perhaps, that we don't know what is going on. True, but it also argues a deficiency in the public appreciation of great preachers. If Dr. Conwell is so great a preacher everyone should have heard of him. Every-

one has heard of Phillips Brooks, everyone of Beecher, everyone of Billy Sunday, but Dr. Conwell must be like Little Bobs in that 'e does not advertise.

We know that John Wanamaker is a great Philadelphia merchant, that Weir Mitchell was a great Philadelphia doctor and a good writer; that John G. Johnson and Philander Knox are great Philadelphia lawyers; that Dr. Furness was a notable Unitarian minister and his son a great editor of Shakespeare. Why, then, haven't we heard of Dr. Conwell? Is Philadelphia big enough to absorb so great a light? Or is it that the calling of a Protestant preacher is no longer distinguished?

WHEN a man gossips as much as a woman his friends say that he is an interesting conversationalist.



THE MARCH HAIR

CURIOUS how the chains of matrimony fail to prevent skidding.



Art Editor: HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT TO MAKE A GIRL'S HEAD FOR A COVER DESIGN?

Popular Artist: WELL, HOW MUCH HAVE YOU GOT?



"NOW, ISABEL, IF YOU DON'T PROMISE TO BE MORE ECONOMICAL IN FUTURE AND TO CUT OUT THE SUFFRAGE TALK, I'LL LEAVE YOU THERE"

An Inevitable Result

IF the war lasts another year we may expect to find some of the war correspondents so impressed by their importance that their daily despatches will read somewhat as follows:

Somewhere in France, March 1.—I caught a bad cold last night. Red-nose, of the Chicago *Misrepresenter*, and Legpull, of the San Francisco *Bunkum*, were with me. The former borrowed a gallon of whiskey from General Noncomprong for me, while the latter kept going out to the firing line and bringing in pieces of hot shrapnel to keep my feet warm. Dear chaps! We are a great help to one another!

Last week we were taken on a tour of the first line of trenches by Major

Brie and Lieutenant Bar-le-Duc. At lunch-time we enjoyed a game of auction in a comfortably furnished, bomb-proof shelter. The cretonne on the windows of the bomb-proof was rather garish, from my point of view, and I should have chosen a thicker rug for the floor if the matter had been left in my hands. But the *tout ensemble* was quite *je ne sais quoi*. Indirect lighting was used, and the grass-cloth on the walls was elsie-dewolfish in its subjugated simplicity.

The French still use the extra-spade bid in playing auction. This proved very annoying to me, as well as to Elmer B. Skipjack, of the Washington *Torchlight*, who had accompanied me. We lost eighty cents in less than an hour. We had no sooner paid our losses than a shell exploded just out-

side the bomb-proof, cracked my diamond stickpin and splintered the face of Skipjack's watch. It was a day of disasters.

Through the influence of Skipjack and myself, the use of the extra-spade bid in the French army may soon be discontinued.

K. L. Roberts.

Part of the Price

THEY say the young boys in Germany (and girls too) are getting very unruly while their fathers are off in the war.

That happens in long wars. Part of the cost of our Civil War was the ruin of boys who came to the dangerous years of boyhood while their fathers were away.



THINGS THAT NEVER WERE
A SYMPATHETIC OUTBURST FROM THE BYSTANDERS

I Meet a Real Estate Agent

I HAVE always wanted to be on good terms with the real estate agent in my own home town. Calling upon him one day at his office, I said:

"You are the only man in this town that I don't know real well. I feel that we ought to know each other better."

"You are right," he said, taking off my watch and placing it in the safe, "I have often felt that way myself. You are a comparatively poor man now, but there is no telling what may happen. Some day you might make a little money. In that case I should want to be friends with you."

"Of course, you understand," I said, carelessly removing his diamond stud and placing it in my cravat, "that we are probably both of us retiring by nature, and, well, rather sensitive. I make few new friends. I imagine you are the same. It comes from keeping close to one's self—to being, as it were, too introspective."

"Ah!" he exclaimed, shaking me warmly by the hand, as he slipped off

my seal ring, "there you have it. Introspectiveness has almost ruined me. It stands in my way continually. I could make twice the money I do if it weren't for that."

"I know it," I replied, deftly removing his wallet from his inside pocket. "That is what has drawn me to you. Sensitive, imaginative, introspective—we both are afflicted. But not to change the subject too rapidly—for I feel that I must be going, as I want to make a deposit in the bank opposite—let me ask you a question: Have you ever really robbed a bride and groom?"

He sighed deeply as he took out my gold cigarette case and tossed it lightly into the correspondence tray. "My dear fellow," he said, "you touch me on a painful subject. I told a bride and groom the other day that their new house—which I sold them—was just thirty minutes from the City Hall. I told another couple that the house they were looking at was built of real wood and iron, instead of papier-mâché.

Life's Short Story Contest

THE careful reading of the eighty-one short stories printed in LIFE's short story contest has necessarily meant some delay in the announcement of the prize winners. But the work is going on, and we expect now to make the announcement in our issue of April 6th—the Easter Number.

The Bible as a Serial

THEY tell us that people don't read the Bible nowadays. Which prompts the suggestion that America's liveliest magazine might run some of the Old Testament as a ripping new serial. There's lots of action, punch and plot in the Old Testament; some of the world's best detective stories are to be found there. The editor could cut his instalments in any length to suit the needs of the magazine and there would be no danger of complaint from the author. Just think of the Bible as illustrated by Harrison Christy or Penrhyn Stanlaws. We feel sure it has elements of popularity, if properly handled.

I've done many other things like this, but I can't say that I have actually robbed a bride and groom."

"Never mind, old man, you will, you will," I replied, as I got up to go. He smiled a wan smile.

"I'm glad you feel that way, old chap," he replied. "It gives me hope for the future, because—between you and me—I am the only one in this whole suburban town who hasn't."

T. L. M.

Poor Von Papen

VON PAPEN got the Order of the Red Eagle, fourth class.
Fourth class!

Fourth class after his devoted efforts to put the neutrality of the United States on the blink!

Is that all the importance the Kaiser attaches to the Germanization of these States?

But possibly Von Pap would have got a bigger button if he hadn't been so unfortunate with his papers.



"NOW, BOYS, IF YOU DO THIS ALL SUMMER I SHALL HAVE TO WRITE YOU SOME MORE LETTERS ABOUT IT"

Merely a Suggestion

SINCE we have army posts in all sorts of absurd and unfit places, why would it not be a good thing to enthrone Oklahoma and Nebraska and Kansas and Indiana on behalf of an adequate navy, by establishing navy yards at Guthrie, Omaha, Emporia and Indianapolis? A few billion dollars spent in these states for dry docks and emergency repair shops for battle-ships would prove a powerful stimulus for preparedness in the minds of the statesmen from those districts.

A Buyer for Russia

THE man who appeared at Palm Beach one Saturday in February, bought a furnished villa on Sunday, moved into it on Monday, and acquired a yacht on Tuesday with immediate possession, and blossomed out as an entertainer, was naturally a purchasing agent for the Russian government resting his faculties after three months of activity. The paper said he had bought 7,000 automobiles and other war material. The story strengthens the

tradition that there is abundance of easy money in the job of being purchasing agent for the Russian government. Nevertheless, it is possibly profitable for the Russian government to have a representative at Palm Beach who can entertain.



"FOR FUN OR FOR KEEPS?"



NOW BE HONEST, LADIES
WHAT WOULD YOU REALLY THINK IF WE DRESSED AS YOU DO?

George Eliot

A MEMORIAL to George Eliot is to be erected at Nun-eaton, England, her birthplace. It is a private gift and will take the form of a museum and art gallery.

It will be located in the midst of the scenes from clerical life made famous by this distinguished woman.

Will it stimulate the reading of her books? We doubt it.

The business of being a dead author is getting all the time to be more and more fraught with grave perils. When they had only themselves for competitors times were better for them, but now that the Sunday magazines and monthly magazines have been added to the list, not to mention the best-sellers, they are having a sorry time. They are also sadly handicapped by the very fact that they cannot come back and write their works over again to suit the modern taste.

Dead authors are having a hard time of it in these days. Few of them survive.

It is true that a few misguided people still read them—on some of the screens at the movies, when the plots are reused for that purpose.

TEACHER: Children, how can we distinguish right from wrong?

PUPIL: If we enjoy doing a thing, it's wrong.



"A FRIEND OF A FRIEND OF A FRIEND OF MINE"

The Fable of the Pacifist Porcupines

A PARTY of Pacifist Porcupines
Proposed to abolish all Quills and Spines;
Because, (as they argued, on Modern Lines),
The Panthers and Bears of the Wood's Confines
Regarded Thorniferous Porcupines
As Enemies harboring Base Designs.
"So let us," propounded these Porcupines,
"Discard our Provocative Sheaves of Tines
For Violets, Lilies and Columbines;
And all of the Panthers, the Soul divines,
Will shortly be sending us Valentines!"

But one of the Veteran Porcupines
Arose and responded: "My Ward declines
To take any Stock in such Monkeyshines!
We note that the Rabbits among the Vines
Are Amiably Guiltless of Quills and Spines;
And yet, when a Panther to sup inclines
Full often a Rabbit his Life resigns.
Our Peaceful Tradition this Heart enshrines;
But, Quills for Defense! when a Panther dines!
Aye, Quills!—till the Lynxes and Bears show Signs
Of shedding their Talons and Sharp Canines!"

That's all that I gathered beneath the Pines,
Except that, regardless of Plaintive Whines,
A Congress of Patriot Porcupines
Refused to surrender their Quills and Spines!

Arthur Guiterman.

Justice

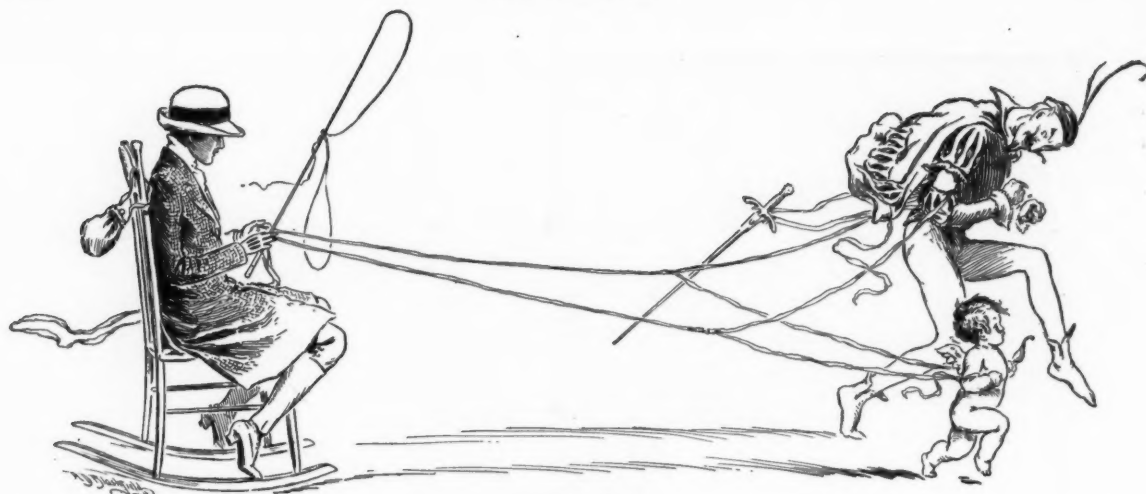
IF one wants to get an idea of how indefinite a definition may be, let him look up the word justice in the dictionary. He will find a great deal of space devoted to it, but nothing that satisfies his yearning for definitiveness. He will be apprised of a number of things that justice is not, that it is not exactly equity nor honesty nor rectitude nor impartiality, etc., but nothing that justice exactly is.

It is not, however, to blame the lexicographer so much for his failure to define justice as for his presumption in trying to define it. A lexicographer worthy of the name should know that some words are indefinable and knowing this, should so state it at the outset. Then if he wishes to chat about it a little, nobody will be misled into believing he is getting exact information. Justice is such a word. It is indefinable, or, perhaps we might say that it is one of those words that we each like to define for ourselves as we go along.

IN view of the immense amount of time and money we spend upon finishing-schools for our young ladies, it is really quite surprising how few finished products we come across in our daily peregrinations.



"I FEEL TWO NATURES STRUGGLING WITHIN ME"



UNDER CONTROL

Not Guilty!

THE recent Get Ready Number of LIFE stirs up the Indianapolis *Star* to class this paper among the "shallow-brained statesmen" who are trying "to make Germany our foe," and have incurred from the President "the sternest rebuke that has been wrung from his patient and prudent soul."

Not guilty!

LIFE does not want Germany for "our foe" if it can be avoided, but it is not ready to forfeit the regard of all the rest of the civilized world in order to avoid it.

It wants peace and security to be restored to the world. If they can only return over the body of a prostrate Germany it is for having them back by that route. It does not want a peace based on German domination of all the other nations. Such a peace would be neither pleasant nor secure.

That's all there is to LIFE's antipathy to Germany. It does not hate Germans, either here or abroad. Indeed, it grieves about them considerably, and wishes to Heaven that they could and would cleanse themselves of Prussianism and of the terrible imputation of being enemies of mankind.

JEWRY produced the people who stoned the prophets.
But it also produced the prophets.

Servia Does Not Hate Us Yet

KING PETER of Servia has expressed sentiments of deep appreciation for what Americans have done for Servia. "May God reward your country," he said to a correspondent.

It is possible that when the displeased of Europe and Asia have made an end of the United States, the Servians will join with the Belgians in exporting a mourning wreath to be laid on the mound where this country lies interred.

CLARENCE: War must be a horrible thing.

CECIL: Perfectly dwdedful. I have a fwend who was detained abwad, and he went without a single scwap of food for sevwal hours.



"CONTENTS NOTED"

Purely Platonic

I hear you say that this is demanding too much, as Roosevelt clearly wants America to go to war against Germany. But this is not the case. * * * It is a platonic warfare which ought not to trouble any friend of American neutrality.

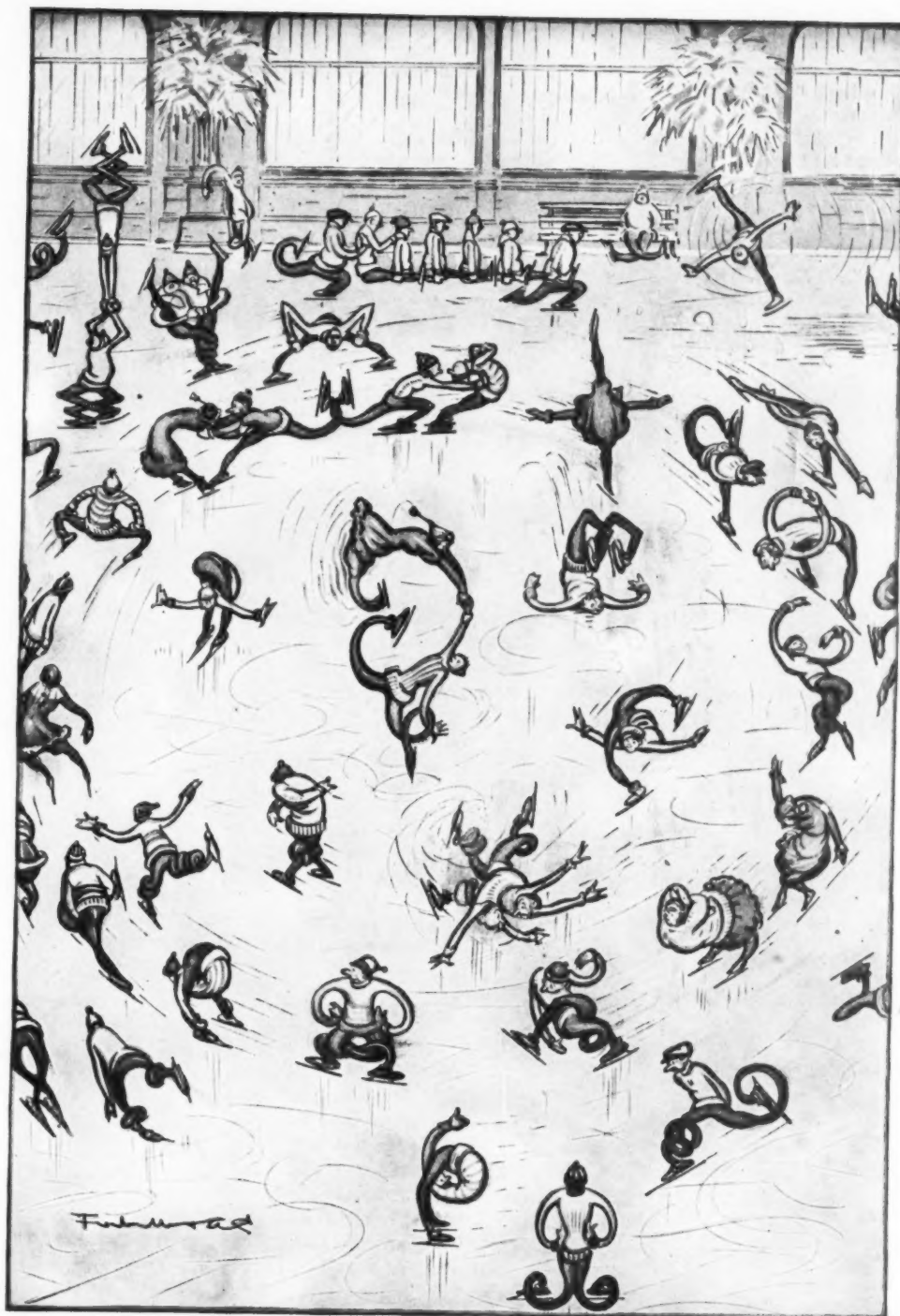
—Hugo Munsterberg
to the Fatherland.

DEAR German friends, please bear in mind that this is confidential. I love you all in secret, yes I do! And though I may inveigh you all in accents quite torrential, Remember this is best for me and you.

I would not harm you with a straw—my love for you's appalling—So if I say I hate you, please don't mind!

If I declare you ought to have a Rooseveltian mauling, It's just my little way of being kind.

If I assert your cruelties and frightfulness Teutonic Have made me wish to wipe you off the map, This is a little way of mine to show my love platonic, For everybody knows I hate a scrap!



FANCY SKATING

To London *Punch*

MOST dauntless journal! You who are

Your country's keenest shaft of wit,
Despite the bitterness of war
You gallantly do not permit
Your words to pass the bounds of taste
Nor lapse into the mere obscene.
Both cleanly-mouthed and sober-faced,
A sovereign jester you have been—
This, above all, you dare to do;
To laugh at British foibles, too!

Perchance, when history is writ,
The bulky volumes on the shelves
Will thus record the end of it:
The English won: they had the grit
To laugh (when needed) at themselves!

Beyond Harm

BROTHER: Say, Sis, do you think we ought to take father and mother to see that play?

SISTER: Oh, yes! You see, my dear, they are so pure-minded that it would be wasted on them.

FROST: What's the difference between law and justice? Any?

SNOW: Yes. People are always talking about "in the eyes of the law," but justice has hers bandaged.



THE LAST STRAW



"THE TIMES ARE OUT OF JOINT, O BLESSED LIGHT!
I SEE THAT I WAS BORN TO SET 'EM RIGHT."

Boston Magi Protest Against Brandeis

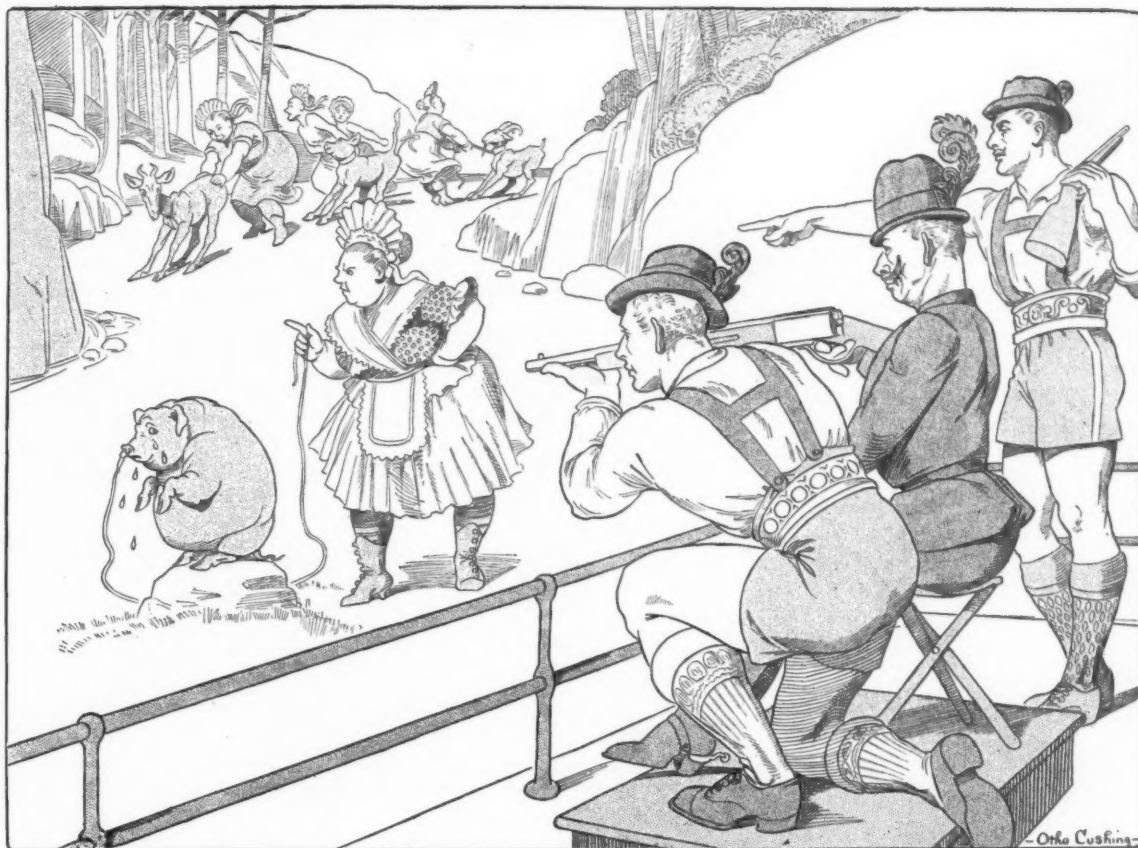
THE list of Boston lawyers and others who have forwarded to the Senate their protest against the confirmation of Mr. Brandeis was considerably notable for the names that were not in it. That is apt to be the case with such lists. They never include more than a fraction even of the men whose sentiments they express. Cautious persons have heard of the tailors of Tooley Street and are wary of putting their names to documents for publication.

This list, however, contained highly respectable names, including those of three out of the seven members of the Corporation of Harvard College. No doubt it helped to impress upon the Senate Committee the duty of making a thorough job of the investigation into Mr. Brandeis' professional standing.

Domestic Efficiency

"DOES your wife scold when you get home late?"

"No. She dictates it to a phonograph and lets me have it the next day when I'm wide awake."



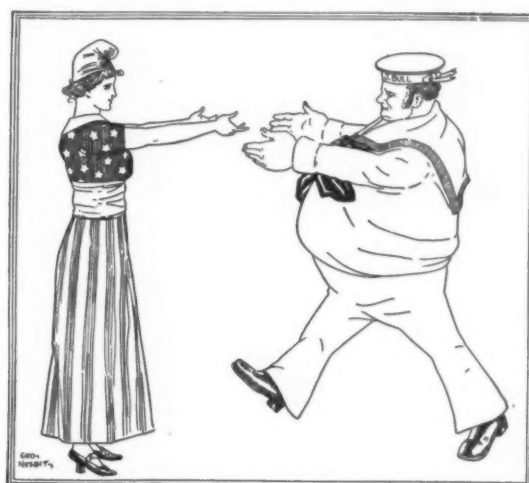
LIFE OF ATTLA THE SECOND. CHAPTER VII
HE WAS A MIGHTY SPORTSMAN. NO BEAST, HOWEVER FIERCE, ESCAPED HIM

The Spring Cold

WHAT is so rare as a cold in the Spring!
Then, if ever, come perfect colds.
The myriad cold germs whistle and sing,
While you to your handkerchief manfully cling,
And vainly try some comfort to bring
To your mournfully stricken soul.

Your dear friends will faithfully try everything
On you as a cure for the cold.
You find that relief time only will bring,
For the cold germs still whistle and gleefully sing,
Still working your nose like a wet-weather Spring,
Then—presto! 'tis vanished, the cold.

IT is easy enough to be unpleasant when safely ensconced
in the bosom of one's helpless family, but the man
who is rare is the man who can dare to exhibit all of his
disagreeable qualities when out in company.



A SWEETHEART IN EVERY NEUTRAL PORT

The Magic Hyphen



AND THE HYPHENATE BANNER IN TRI-
UMPH SHALL WAVE
O'ER THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE
HOME OF THE BRAVE.

Opinions

"WITHOUT him we would have
been at war."
"He makes me so weary."
"What courage!"
"What shameless inconsistency!"
"We are well rid of him."
"His career has just begun."
"Patriot!"
"Traitor!"

THE Hyphen is a bridge, sir,
Which, somehow, seems to span
An ocean, gulf or ridge, sir,
And join "American."
The Hyphenite, a riddle
In many a state affair,
Plays both ends and the middle
And deals in Here and There.

When fortune doesn't frown, sir,
And he can make it pay,
He lets his Hyphen down, sir,
And shouts for U. S. A.
But when he hears a Krupp, sir,
Across his bridge he scoots,
Then pulls his Hyphen up, sir,
And "Fatherland!" he roots.

The Hyphen short doth look, sir,
But in real life, stretched thin,
It goes from Sandy Hook, sir,
To Hamburg or Berlin.
Some good folk thus are able to
Keep touch with birth's abode:
It's useful as a cable, too,
To flash a secret code.

The chronic hyphenist, sir,
Among his other stunts,
Is quite a bigamist, sir—
He's wed two lands at once.
And courts have oft decided
In suits involving hearts
That love can't be divided
In two quite equal parts.

The man who wears a Hyphen
Two motherlands to praise
Is like the fabled gryphon
Who tried to walk both ways:
His methods were the wrongest
That ever beast did wrack—
For his hind legs proved the strongest
And always pulled him back.

Yea, the man who wears a Hyphen
Has, pinned to life and limb,
A European syphon
That keeps its drag on him.
But if he loves our Nation,
Some surgeon could, I think,
Perform an operation
Upon that useless link.

Wallace Irwin.



Sunday-school Teacher: MY CHILDREN, THIS IS THE DEVIL



HARD HIT

ALARMING SYMPTOMS OF A YOUNG MAN FALLING IN LOVE FOR THE FIRST TIME



MARCH 9, 1916

"While there is Life there's Hope"

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Wilson. One keeps meeting citizens who have "given him up." Most of them profess to have had hopes of him until lately. Upon investigation it appears that very few of them voted for him. The majority of those who have lost hope in him never had much to lose. They voted for Taft or Roosevelt, and after election took the attitude of watchful waiting. After the war began those of them who wanted something done, and knew what they wanted, hoped he would do it. They, and also their more numerous fellows who wanted something done, but didn't know what, were willing to give him a chance. Not many of them are satisfied. Few of them know now what they want. They are vague about that, but clear and positive that Mr. Wilson has not done it. So they grumble mightily and believe the worst about him; believe it, indeed, with a wide-open credulity that makes one distrustful of all their mental processes.

Washington is as full of gossip as a village. It is full of the most astonishing tattle about the President's private deportment. Stories that could not live in print a day go from tongue to tongue and are accepted as cumulative evidence of the complete corruption of Mr. Wilson's character. These wonderful yarns are so absurd as to make persons who accept and spread them seem to be of a contemptible intelligence. But they are fair, average people. The trouble is partly that they

A GOOD many people seem to have a sort of obsession against Mr.

don't know what's going on, and partly that they are stampeded by their feelings or their fears, but largely that they don't at all comprehend Mr. Wilson and put ridiculous constructions on what he does.

There is a story of Mr. Osborne of Sing Sing and some of the officials of Westchester county, that one afternoon, in the thick of his trials, Osborne said to the company that he was tired out and was going out to get a cup of tea. And he went; but to the men he left it was just one more clue. "Tea? Who ever heard of a man's going out for tea? Dope, probably; dope or worse. Tea? Gammon!"

Westchester officials, not being used to the idea of afternoon tea as a refreshment, naturally regarded it as suspicious. So the Washington gossips regard everything that concerns Mr. Wilson with suspicion and believe the worst, and circulate as first-hand facts the most ludicrous suggestions. And, of course, the Washington gossip gets to Congress, and gentlemen there who have the will to believe swallow it greedily.



PROFESSOR JACKS, in the *Atlantic*, quotes Lord Bryce as saying: "Sometimes one feels as if modern states were growing too huge for the men to whom their fortunes are committed. . . . A great modern state is like a gigantic vessel built without any watertight compartments, which, if

it be unskillfully steered, may perish when it strikes a single rock."

In these words Dr. Jacks finds support for his own feeling that the power of control which modern states possess over their own courses is inadequate, and that "as states become more and more unmanageable, history becomes more and more of a drift—whither we know not."

The woods just now are full of persons who know better than the President, but further back in these same woods are other hosts who would assuredly know better than any successor that Mr. Wilson might have. The whole world is out of control, and full of individuals who complain of lack of leadership, and of nations driven by circumstances on courses full of rocks ahead, but unable to turn aside or stop. We seem to be getting to a very definite point in human affairs, but what point it is the wisest of men do not know. They do not know what jigs are up and what will be the next arrangement.

The learned Lord Acton, lately professor of modern history at Cambridge, England, wrote twenty or thirty years ago that the jig was nearly up with the theory of nationality, of which he said that—

though it is more absurd and more criminal than the theory of socialism, it has an important mission in the world, and marks the final conflict, and therefore the end, of two forces which are the worst enemies of civil freedom,—the absolute monarchy and the revolution.

He declared, moreover, that—

a State which is incompetent to satisfy different races, condemns itself; a State which labors to neutralize, to absorb, or to expel them, destroys its own vitality; a State which does not include them is destitute of the chief basis of self-government.

One of our commonest wails is that our nationality is getting so mixed up by the incursion of people of various and assorted races that we can no longer predict how our springs of action are going to bounce. That seems an awful thing, but if Lord Acton was right in his belief that nationality is close to the end of its vogue, it may be that, under Providence, we are being prepared to blossom out in the very newest style of political existence, and



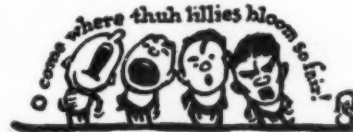
RECEPTION COMMITTEE ORGANIZED UNDER THE RECENT DECISION OF THE NEW YORK STATE COURT OF APPEALS TO DEAL WITH DRAMATIC CRITICS WHO WRITE UNFAVORABLE NOTICES.

to be offered as a model to the nations that at present admire us so little.

But if that is so, it is something that is being done to us, and not a thing that we are doing to ourselves. We are sitting tight: that is about all. The citizens who are so out of humor with Mr. Wilson don't like it: none of us like it very much; but when the going is so bad, the right road so hard to find, our proper destination so much disputed and the light so poor, it is conceivable that we are as well off as if we were going faster, and as well off with Mr. Wilson to drive us as with someone else.

We must, however, have some chauffeur, and certainly Congress is not qualified for that service, and the offers of the House of Representatives to

conduct our diplomatic proceedings cannot safely be entertained.



BUT no uncertainty about the drift of civilization excuses us in delaying to put ourselves in a more competent state of defense. If Mr. Wilson is such a chuckle-head that he is sure to get us into war, as some of the Republicans say, or if he is so timorous that he will contrive to keep us out of it when we ought to be in, as the rest of them say, they ought all to back him hard for the best provision for defense that he can get. We shall need

it, by their computation, whether he stays in or goes out. He is strong for it, and if the Democrats deny him, there may be nothing for it but to go for votes wherever in Congress he can find them. If he has to lean hard on Republican votes there is a vacancy in the War Department which, at a hard enough pinch, Mr. Root might be induced to fill, and then by moving up Mr. Franklin Roosevelt into Mr. Daniels' place and bringing back the Colonel to his old position as Assistant Secretary, both the Republican factions might be united for the defense of the country. One blast upon the Colonel's bugle horn would be worth at least five dreadnaughts, and Mr. Root would be as good as Mr. Garrison. Certainly, the country has assets enough if the crisis warrants the use of them. It is only the parties that limp and straggle.



BUT we may get a crisis any day that will jolt us into spasms of activity and a catch-as-catch-can, non-partisan organization for the defense of the country and its honor. The German movement on Verdun is already at this writing very serious, and the end of it nowhere in sight. It may upset all the habits of the war on the western side, and bring results that will crowd us in new places and make us sit up. And the discussion between Washington and Berlin of the details of etiquette for German submarines making acquaintance with merchant ships seems to be in a critical state,—is waiting, possibly, the result of the effort around Verdun. Any moment a situation may transpire which will constrain our government to discover who in this country is for the United States and who is for Germany. And then we shall find out whether the country will back its government.

There are other things in the paper besides war and international politics. One notices them in the headlines, but to go thoroughly into any ordinary matter while the great war surges on so is like stopping to admire the landscape on the day of judgment.



“Nobody Loves a Fat Man”

ESPECIALLY IF HE FATTENS ON THE MISFORTUNES OF OTHERS



Wm. H. Walker



Pacifism in Dramatic Form

THAT august and common-sensical tribunal, the Court of Appeals of the State of New York, has again discovered that

A theatre is not a public place.

The members of the same judicial body have also unanimously concurred in ruling that

In the State of New York a negro has more rights than a white man and a Jew more rights than a Gentile.



THE war is beginning to make itself felt on the stage. Although "The Greatest Nation," by Marian Crichton and William Elliott, deals ostensibly with imaginary kingdoms, its immediate inspiration is a not new thought often voiced but presenting itself with renewed strength through the horrors of the present slaughter and devastation in Europe.

The story is of two neighboring small realms, which might be in the Balkans or which might typify such great nations as England, Germany and Russia. They have long watched each other with jealous eyes and a certain amount

of preparedness. The king of one of them, in whom one may trace a resemblance to the present Kaiser, is tinged with a royal insanity which makes him urgent for war when he is able to find the excuse. To the throne of the other succeeds a young man imbued with democratic ideas and a belief that rulers exist to better the condition of their peoples rather than to use their subjects, their lives and property in the kingly game of war. The latter also has a reciprocated love for the daughter of his neighboring enemy.

The romance helps in the final solution when the younger man faces his would-be enemy in his own palace and pleads

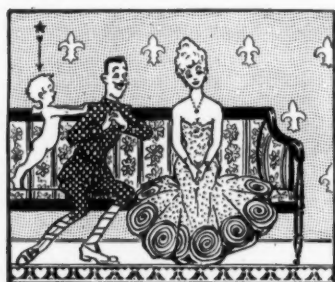
not only for the peace of the two peoples, but also for the hand of the woman he loves. He shows that he can and will fight, if necessary, but that he is willing to make every concession, except giving up his sweetheart, to save the nations and their people from the horrors of war. He even goes so far as to make the proposition, often suggested in picture and print, that the fight, if it must come, should be not between the peoples who had no cause for fighting, but between the kings themselves and their ministers. Naturally, the proposition isn't accepted, and the solution is supplied by the young princess, who threatens her war-like father with her own suicide, thus destroying his only hope of posterity, unless she is permitted to marry the man she wants to.



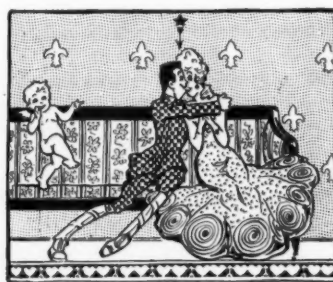
A LESSON in a play, an argument for a cause, seems invariably to lessen the play's value and interest as a play for even intelligent audiences. It holds true with "The Greatest Nation." What it seeks to teach is just now near to the hearts of all of us, the folly and the cruelty of war and the responsibility of those who, as rulers or advisers, help to make it possible. Unfortunately, every sentence that voiced this sentiment and lauded the joys of peace weakened a none too strong dramatic story and retarded the action. The fanciful names chosen for the places and characters were confusing in sound, and the story was yet further confused by details that seemed to have no reason for being and characters that were not essential.

In the cast Mr. William Elliott, part author, made a good-looking, manly and apparently able young ruler as well as an attractive lover. His foil as the princess royal of the rival kingdom was Olive Wyndham, who brought to the rôle her youthful charm and her mixture of sweetness and self-assurance, which were entirely in the picture of the rather self-willed daughter of a king. Mr. Hal Forde gave an impression of the war-mad ruler which could not have been pleasing to any of our fellow-citizens who favor the Prussian Wilhelm. It was evidently meant for a caricature of that ruler and some of his traits, and a caricature which, although effective, was not of the good-natured kind. The two scenes used in the play were examples of the Urban ideas in drawing and color. The back-drop of one of them left it entirely to the spectator's discretion to decide whether the artist meant to depict a suburban lake or a field of cornflowers dotted with blue daisies.

With all its good intentions as a lesson in pacifism, or in spite of them, it is to be feared that "The Greatest Nation" does not make itself sufficiently clear to enlist the public interest.



THE ACCELERATOR

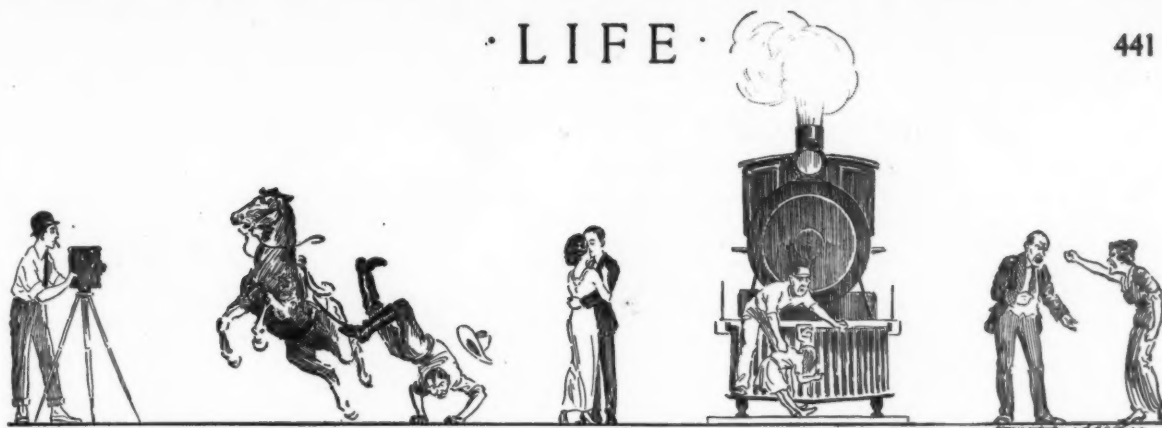


THE CLUTCH

THE CHAUFFEUR'S COURTSHIP



THE TRANSMISSION



DRAMATIC ART AS IT IS MOVED

SIX hundred and seventy thousand dollars for one year's services of a slapstick comedian acting before the moving-picture camera! Calculate this in days' wages of the man working in the field, mine or furnace, in the long hours of the child laborer in the factories of Alabama, paid in pennies, or in the scant pittance of the sewing woman, and you may gain not only a notion of the vastness of the sum, but also some idea of the artistic taste of the American people.

Not since the world began has an artist in any line of endeavor or gifted with any amount of genius been able to realize such a return for such a period of effort. And this not for great creative and inspiring work, but for such appeals to the intellect as a special type of vulgarity and a special ability to slide on the side of one foot, to endure clownish punishment, and to inflict apparent pain on others. No sum is too great to pay for

the rational amusement and merriment that give relief from the serious struggles of life. But to see a nation which boasts itself the greatest and most intelligent in the world pay such a sum for such buffoonery would be laughable if it were not pitiful.



It is not often that a play can keep New York guessing very long. "Pay Day," which will be reviewed here later on, achieved that distinction at its first performance. As yet no one seems able to determine whether its producers meant to produce seriously a very bad melodrama or meant to give New York so bad a melodrama that it would be taken to be funny. Whatever the original intention, the latter is the present claim.

Metcalf.



Astor.—"Cohan's Revue 1916." Good girl-and-music show as the background for unusually clever burlesque of the plays that have attracted attention during the current season.

Bandbox.—The Washington Square Players. Four short plays rather unusual in character and cleverly done in an original but semi-amateurish way.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Very well staged and well acted comedy dealing in an amusing and satirical way with some foibles of the medical profession.

Booth.—"The Greatest Nation," by Marian Crichton and William Elliott. See above.

Candler.—"The House of Glass," by Max Marcin. Interesting and well-presented drama of crime, emphasizing the possibilities of police memory.

Casino.—"The Blue Paradise." Pleasant little comic operetta with more plot and more melody than usual.

Century.—Closed.

Cohan's.—Mizzi Hajos in "Pom-Pom." Notice later.

Comedy.—"The Fear Market," by Amélie

Rives. Well written drama of society blackmail as demonstrated in a case celebrated in the New York courts.

Cort.—"Pay Day." Notice later.

Criterion.—"Macbeth," with Mr. James K. Hackett and Viola Allen. Handsome mounting of the classic tragedy acted in very up-to-date style.

Eltinge.—"Fair and Warmer," by Mr. Avery Hopwood. Very laughable farce of life as it might possibly be in New York apartment-house conditions.

Empire.—Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." The familiar and delightful presentation of Barrie's charming Scotch comedy.

Forty-fourth Street.—"Katinka." Viennese comic operetta of the conventional type, agreeably done.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Just a Woman," by Mr. Eugene Walter. Forcible dramatic representation of the difficulties that may arise when a man gets rich quick and becomes discontented with his earlier matrimonial obligations.

Fulton.—Mr. Brandon Tynan's play, "The Melody of Youth," with the author as star. Romantic Irish comedy, well acted and quite amusing.

Gaiety.—Mrs. Fiske in "Erstwhile Susan,"

by Marian de Forest. The star's abilities as a comedienne pleasantly exploited in a play with its setting among the Pennsylvania Dutch and their crude surroundings.

Globe.—"Stop! Look! Listen!" Elaborately staged and diverting girl-and-music show with Gaby Deslys as the principal performer.

Harris.—"Hit-the-Trail Holliday," by Mr. George M. Cohan and others. Amusing farcical comedy showing the laughable possibilities of revivalism and prohibition exploited for the money that is in the propaganda.

Hippodrome.—"Hip-Hip-Hooray." Big-scale spectacle, ballet, vaudeville and ice carnival, brilliantly done.

Hudson.—"The Cinderella Man," by Mr. Edward Childs Carpenter. Agreeable and wholesome romantic comedy, pleasantly staged.

Knickerbocker.—Moving-picture plays with well-known actors in the leading parts.

Longacre.—"The Great Lover," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton and Leo Dittrichstein. Drama of life among the artists of grand opera. Very well acted and very interesting.

Lyceum.—"The Heart of Wetona," by Mr. George Scarborough. Notice later.

Lyric.—"Abe and Mawruss," by Montague Glass and R. C. Megrue. Farcical comedy of the Jewish commerce in the cloak-and-suit line. Laughable extension of the social and business career of Messrs. Potaash and Perlmutter.

Manhattan.—Closed.

Marine Elliott's.—Mr. Robert Hilliard in "The Pride of Race," by Mr. Michael L. Landman. Strong play, well acted and dealing with a problem of miscegenation.

Park.—"The Road to Mandalay," by Vesela and Post. Notice later.

Playhouse.—Grace George and her admirable company in well-acted presentations of interesting comedies with frequent change of bill.

Princess.—"Very Good, Eddie." Frivolous but diverting musical version of the farce, "Over Night."

Punch and Judy.—"Treasure Island." Robert Louis Stevenson's famous pirate story in picturesque and well-acted stage version.

Republic.—"Common Clay," by Mr. Cleves Kinkead. Drama of the old theme of the double-standard law of the sexes. Well acted and interesting.

Shubert.—"Alone at Last." Picturesque comic operetta with more than usually ambitious score by the composer of "The Merry Widow."

Thirty-ninth Street.—"The Unchastened Woman," by Mr. Louis Anspacher. An entirely theatrical drama of the seamy side of New York society life, well acted by a good company headed by Emily Stevens.

Winter Garden.—"Robinson Crusoe, Jr.," with Mr. Al. Jolson as the featured comedian. Typical Winter Garden show of girls and rag-time with the comedian over-emphasized.

Ziegfeld's Follies.—Cabaret, clever and starting at midnight with "We won't go home until morning" for its slogan.

The Latest Books

AS a rule, the estimable optimists who believe that fiction ought to bear the same relation to real life that the illustrations in a seedsman's catalogue bear to real tomatoes, do not read the novels of May Sinclair. They regard the author of "The Three Sisters" with the same mixture of horror and pity that, had they happened to have been born roses instead of humans, they would doubtless have felt for a botanist. And many of them add to these sentiments a little personal resentment; feeling that, by botanizing in the human garden instead of rhapsodizing, Miss Sinclair has deprived them of the pleasure of reading a fine writer. "Why couldn't she," they say, "have dealt with pleasant things?" Well, in "The Belfrey" (Macmillan, \$1.35) she has very delightfully done so.

IN outline, "The Belfrey" is the story of a man, who, after winning a lovely wife, a literary reputation, and a place in the social sun; and then losing them all through his rank inability to stand prosperity; redeems everything by a whirlwind career at the front, where in a few days he gains the laurels of a hero, saves the life of his worst enemy, heaps coals of fire on the heads of his detractors, and regains the infatuated affection of his wife. But Miss Sinclair has taken this seed-catalogue-cover melodrama, and, by clothing its characters with an irresistibly authentic humanity, has made it come true before our eyes. Her little cockney bounder of a hero, with his glamor of twisted genius, makes use of, but is not made by, the fortuitous coincidences of the plot.

THE loudly heralded "confessions" and "disclosures" of secret agents, stool pigeons, private detectives, and professional spies are generally rather disappointing affairs and almost never carry much conviction of credibility with them. But the "Revelations of an International Spy" (McBride, \$1.50), just published after a good deal of drum-beating, and written by the I. T. T. Lincoln who has recently been playing hide-and-seek with the United States marshals, makes a new record in flatness and unprofitability. It is badly written. It reveals nothing of importance that was not already public property. It does not even possess the interesting continuity of a good lie.

GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM'S odd and apparently invertebrate novel, "Gossamer" (Doran, \$1.25), is just the other way about. It deals with nothing more substantial, on the surface, than a humorously cynical Irish gentleman-of-leisure's account of his meeting on an ocean liner, and of his subsequent intercourse with, a modest but internationally important financial magnate, the magnate's American wife, and an Irish member of Parliament. But the quiet humor, the deft character-sketching, and the pervasive "gossamer" interpretation of the meaning of "credit" in the modern world, make the book one of its author's most acceptable inventions.

"THE AMATEUR" is the title of a semi-realistic, semi-sentimentalized novel of American bohemianism by Charles G. Norris (Doran, \$1.25). The hero, a young illustrator from the West, comes to New York, and after some



Boy: HEY, MISTER, IF YE WANT A KITE TO PLAY WITH WHY DONCHA GIT ONE O' YER OWN?

(very well described) drifting and playing with life, makes a lucky trick-picture hit and rides for a time on the crest of a wave of popularity. Later, his artistic conscience awakens, he forswears commercialism, goes to retouching photographs for a living while he practices drawing, and in the end we leave him with his foot on the honest first rung of his professional ladder. The book has excellent parts, but the whole is scarcely the sum of them.

A SIMPLE, succinct, and intelligible summary of the Freudian psycho-analytic hypothesis of the "wish," and an excellent explanation of its propounder's application of it in the interpreting of dreams, in reading the meanings of familiar physical and mental awkwardnesses and lapses, and in explaining wit and humor, is given by Edwin B. Holt in "The Freudian Wish and Its Place in Ethics" (Holt). The latter part of the title refers to the author's original contribution to the subject—a discussion of the deepest interest and most clarified presentation, that gives the volume an honorable and valuable place in contemporary psycho-philosophical speculation.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Fictitious Tales of Real Life

The Refined Society Queen

A CERTAIN society queen decided to become refined, so she applied to a refining factory. The manager at first refused to consider her proposition, but was at last prevailed upon. After she had become refined, she went back into society.

She was immediately taken up by everybody, and became all the rage, until one day a society reporter, who was looking for a foolish story, said to her:

"How in the world did you dare take the risk? You might have been forever forgotten."

"True," said the refined society leader, "but I thought it all out as well as I could, and made up my mind that I would be so much of a novelty, as the only refined society leader in captivity, that everybody would flock to see me. And I won."



"WHO LAUGHS LAST,



LAUGHS BEST"

A Colorado Foundation

WHY wouldn't it be a good idea for Mr. Rockefeller to take Colorado and convert it into a Foundation? Colorado has shown an unreserved willingness to love, honor and obey Mr. Rockefeller, and Foundations are very popular nowadays as outlets for surplus millionairiness. As the harbinger of many vicious and unruly trusts and profit factories, Mr. Rockefeller receives chiefly rebuffs and rebukes from the outside world, but as the owner of the largest collection of Foundations in captivity, Mr. Rockefeller can count on a continuous supply of laudatory press matter.

If colleges can be endowed, why not coal mines, which are much more useful? If theological agitators can be endowed, why not worldly agitators, who are much more practical?

It certainly would be a great thing for Colorado if Mr. Rockefeller could find it in his heart to treat it as a thing of beauty, to be nourished and protected.

It would enable Colorado to close an unsavory and unsatisfactory career as an independent commonwealth and enter upon a long and honorable field of usefulness as an eleemosynary institution.

Depreciated

NORMAN ANGELL says the United States is heading for war for lack of a definite foreign policy.

Norman may be right, but it was he who lately proclaimed that all the world was heading for peace. It is hard to believe that as a space-writer on what's going to happen he gets the rate he did before the war.

About Time

PROFESSOR RICHARD GARNER is going back to the French Congo to extend his acquaintance with gorillas and their language, and consult with them as to the prospects of the world.

At present rate of world-progress we should not lose any time in secreting the experience of persons who already live in trees.

FIRST BACHELOR: Why did you send for Dr. Randall to treat me? He's an old ass.

SECOND BACHELOR (*a friend in need*): Well, you know the principle, old fellow—like cures like.



(Under this heading, LIFE will publish a short story in each issue)

The Game

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

SEEING her emerge from the front door, no one would have dreamed that it was her own. It was an entirely respectable front door, but it obviously opened, clicking, on long, dark flights, moody with the humors of past meals, and leading at best to two rooms and kitchenette; while she, from her velvet and-fur toque to her cloth-topped boots was a lady of fine fashion. Her clothes were what women call "right" and know how to appraise. Man would have reported only the delightful face, where discretion lay like a light veil over deep curves of joyousness; but he would have gone to her assistance with the spring that is his instinctive tribute to wealth and fashion.

Turning into the broad avenue, she walked a triumphant mile, a lady of high degree on foot for a whim and earnestly studied by an interested populace. Other such ladies turned in their cars for a second look, thinking they knew her; prosperous city men with shrewd eyes and vulgar necks clearly wished they knew her, but recognized the hopelessness; here and there some man of distinction, head and shoulders above the crowd and bringing a breezy air of travels, singled her out and wondered "who" she could be; hansom cab drivers raised an imploring forefinger to her or made mad wheels through the crush to reach her side, and the policeman at her crossing bottled up three blocks' full of boiling traffic and bade her take her time.

She thanked him with fine careless graciousness and passed on to a more intimate drama in various resplendent shops. It lasted for two rapturous hours. "I don't want anything," she said at every pause, but they would show her glowing rugs, and French gowns reduced to such mere songs as \$290, and mahogany tea-wagons and embroidered baby-pillows and sport-coats and candelabra and English davenport and aluminum kitchen utensils. An interesting new coffee-maker held her for a wistful moment.

"But my cook is so old-fashioned!" she deplored, and they smiled over the perverse power of the kitchen tyrant.

For the moment she actually believed that she had a cook. At the end of it all, standing between exotic fruits and sublimated vegetables shining brighter than life from glass jars, she bought a pound of coffee and would take it with her. The clerk handed the package to an underling.

"Carry that out to Madam's car," he commanded. For an instant something flickered, faltered, in the secure personality; then, as a born actor surmounts a stage blunder, she put out a detaining hand.

"But I am walking to-day," she said, with just the right cheerful indifference. The clerk agreed that in such weather one did well to walk. He had an air of congratulating her sense.

Dusk was falling when she came out, and she had paused a moment on the broad step, considering her next move, when a voice spoke from the sidewalk with startled heartiness.

"Hello, Pussy!" A young man, shabbily dressed, but with sagacious features

marking his face with prophecy, had halted just beneath.

"Hello, Billy!" Her reply was as hearty, and their meeting eyes said journey's end as their hands came together. Then he drew back a pace for a better look.

"My God, Pussy, but you do beat the Dutch!" he said from a full and reverential heart. The fine veil of her aloofness was gone, and something very like a giggle answered.

"But I worked in all this fur trimming myself," she reminded him.

"You can do anything"; he spoke with simple conviction; and then, answering her scruple: "We'll never be so far down that you haven't got one good outfit. You can nail your faith to that, old lady."

"Oh, I nail my faith to you." She took a thread from his shoulder. "Can't you come home now?"

"No, sweetheart—got to work. I'm on the trail of a man who may do wonders for us."

"Well, don't be late to dinner," she said, and they looked back to nod and smile as they parted.

The avenue still offered tribute, but, as
(Continued on page 457)



"WELL?"



"I HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE ME, MADAM, FOR BEING LATE, BUT WE HAD TWINS IN OUR FAMILY LAST NIGHT."
 "INEXCUSABLE, PERKINS! JUST REMEMBER THAT WE DIDN'T HIRE YOU TO HAVE TWINS."

The Inside Truth

THE weaker nations, including England, France and Russia, not to mention Belgium, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, etc., having all been eliminated, it became a grave question as to how Germany could maintain her moral grandeur with nobody to make war upon.

"It is quite evident," wrote an eminent Prussian military authority, "that unless we can keep on violating neutralities, sacking towns, crushing women and children, and destroying cathedrals and art treasures, our culture and Christian standards will both suffer, and how can any self-respecting nation live without these?"

It was, therefore, almost immediately decided to leave a few nations and permit them to equip themselves with armaments, so that Germany, by warring upon them, might still keep her hand in and continue to preserve those ideals of civilization over which everybody was so much concerned.

There Is, Indeed

There is no such thing as "Christian Europe" or a Christian State. There is a Europe and there are States in which exist a large body of persons who hold the Christian faith. . . . The presence of these through the centuries has been the leaven through which has been effected what is called Christian civilization.
 —Admiral Mahan.

1. There is no such thing as a "military Europe" or a military State. There is a Europe and there are States in which exist a large body of persons who hold the military faith. The presence of these through the centuries has been the leaven through which has been effected what is called military barbarism.

2. There is no such thing as a "sentimental Europe" or a sentimental State. There is a Europe and there are States in which exist a large body of persons who hold the doctrine of love. The presence of these through the centuries has been the leaven through which has been effected what is called posterity.

3. There is—etc., etc., etc.

Unorganized Charity

THE charitable impulse still dwells in our hearts in spite of the efforts of charity organizations to remove it. The spontaneous and generous outpouring for the Belgians proves that the difficulty experienced by charity organizations in getting contributions from us is no true indication of our feelings. This Belgian charity was not organized. Never was there a charity so highly and so efficiently unorganized. Many of our well-intentioned offerings were misdirected and reached undeserving persons. But we did not care. We proceeded on the theory that better a hundred undeserving shall be clothed than that one deserving shall go naked. Organized charities, however, can not possibly proceed on that basis. The very idea of organization inhibits such methods.

Worthy but misguided charity workers should understand, therefore, that their critics have nothing against them personally, but they must not forget that beneath our polite exterior and our feeble bluffs at assisting, we always cherish an instinctive animosity for what they are doing.



Sammy: BOO! WHOO! I'VE FILLED MY BAG BUT I'VE FORGOTTEN HOW TO PLAY WITH THESE OTHER TOYS



THAT LEAP YEAR DREAM
THE POOR YOUNG MAN IS SOUGHT BY THE BEAUTIFUL HEIRESS

Extracts from the Bryan Hand-Book of Quotations

BARBARA FRIETCHE:

Spare, if you can, this old gray head
And shoot your country's flag instead.

NATHAN HALE:

My only regret is that I have only two cheeks to be slapped for my country's sake.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE:

Not a sound was heard, not a funeral note,
But only a bid for the Hyphen Vote.

Modern

THE Public Service Commission has recently given a permit for a new lighting system on the New Haven road. Isn't this a dangerous precedent?

The fact that light is being shed on the Public Service Commission itself is no reason why it should feel obliged to extend it elsewhere.

The passengers on the New Haven road have been kept in the dark so long now that it seems a pity to disturb them in the dim religious light that has been their solace these many years.

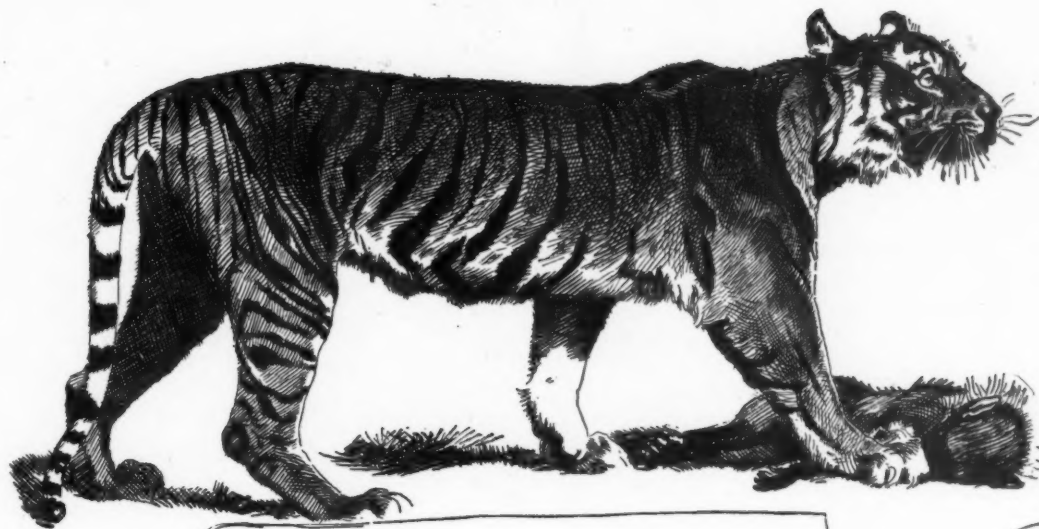
JONES: Does my daughter's piano practice annoy you?

NEIGHBOR: Oh, not at all. But tell me; what does she wear—mittens or boxing-gloves?

Let Prices Soar

THE New York *Tribune* takes a most complaisant attitude toward the rise in the price of bread. It says that "the only American citizens in danger of starvation at present are those out of employment, and they, for the greater part, can't afford bread at any price."

Accordingly, the *Tribune* thinks it would be highly inadvisable to try to lower the price of bread by prohibiting or regulating the exportation of foodstuffs. In other words, American citizens should not object to the high cost of living until we are all actually in danger of starvation.



Tiger and Ape

To the Kaiser

By Walter Adolphe Roberts

THEIR blood is in your veins, their bestial clay
Still fouls your flesh, O King! You are not
free

Of the fierce tiger's lust for blood when he,
Full fed, yet bared his fangs to rend and slay.
You are not free of the black fear that lay
Upon the ape forefather in the tree,
Who whimpered, waked by thunder-claps, to see
Majestic tropic lightning at play.

Last year we deemed that man had journeyed far
Upon the upward pathway from the clod,
When you struck down the weak and called it
War,
Cringed to the force unleashed and called it
God.

Must the red dawns of myriad aeons glow
Ere the last breed of ape and tiger go?



W. A. Roberts

The Enemy

WHY lingers Love with weary feet,
A slave to grief, eyes tear-replete?
Why does he not with rapture greet
My serenade? Pray, what is wrong?

Alas! There stole one summer day
Into his garden, wreathed gay,
A green-eyed monster. Fairies say
That Love, dismayed, wept all day
long.

And now—Ah me! No more he sings,
But, in despair, with drooping wings,
His bow and arrow far he flings;
For Jealousy stilled Love's sweet
song.

Dorothy Harpur O'Neill.

Ideal

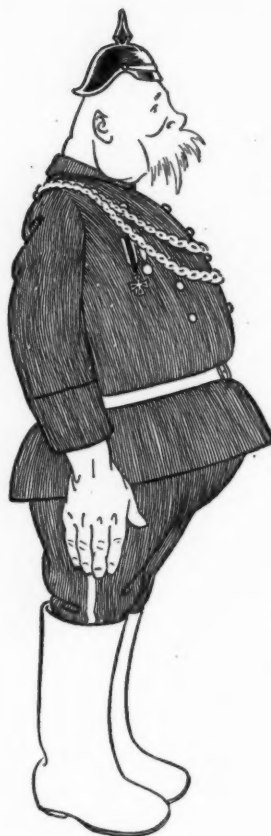
LAWYER: What sort of a neighbor is he?

WITNESS: Best one I ever had.
Lived next to him five years.

"Then you know him intimately?"
"Never spoke to him."



QUITE A RESEMBLANCE



ELLISON
HOOVER

"I UNDERSTAND DOT LIEUTENANT VON PIPPIN HASS BEEN SERVING ME NOBLY
IN DER UNITED STATES."

"YESS; HE BEGAN MIT USING BOMBS IN A MODEST WAY UND ISS NOW DER
PRESIDENT OF DER LARGEST DYNAMITING CORPORATION IN AMERICA."

On the Wrong Trail

A SOMEWHAT extensive advertisement recently appearing in the papers and periodicals, accompanied by the portrait of a truly handsome man, announces a new system of memory. This gentleman informs us, with becoming dignity, that even in a period of thirty minutes he can help us to remember—well, if not everything, almost everything.

But why should we want to remember? Do we not remember too much already? Would it not be better to teach us how to forget? That which

is gained so easily is easily disposed.

It is not the cerebral and physical accumulation of facts that counts so much as the accumulation of well-ordered and instructive sensations. To forget facts, most of which are likely to be disproved at any time, and to become possessed of a proper collection of feelings, should be our main object.

That is where our school system is most at fault, in laying too much emphasis on knowledge and not enough on sensations. How we feel is infinitely more important than what we know.

T. L. M.



the soup of the epicure



If Lucullus were alive today he would regard Franco-American Soups as an addition to his feasts

The American bon-vivant, no less than the Roman, commands the best of "East and West together." Franco-American Soups find their natural place in his menage, for they present that rare and delicate admixture of nourishment and condiment so appreciated by the trained and sensitive palate.

It is not enough that soup shall be pure. It is not enough that soup shall be scientifically prepared and thoroughly cooked. Soup may be all of these and yet not be—Franco-American. For sheer Quality of ingredients, Franco-American Soups are unapproached. But added to this is a touch of Genius—personal and inimitable—imparting to these soups the culinary niceties of the French and giving them a flavor and an appeal peculiarly their own.

Franco-American Soups are popular not only with the clan of Croesus, but in all homes where health is regarded above price.

Merely heat before serving

Thirty-five cents the quart

Twenty selections

At the better stores



Franco - American Soups

*after the
recipes of*

A. Biardot

OF PARIS

*formerly superintendent of the
palace of N.M. King George of Greece*

"Let us give you a taste of our quality"

THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD CO.



AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

The Fly in the Ointment

Mrs. Higgins was an incurable grumbler. She grumbled at everything and everyone. But at last the vicar thought he had found something about which she could make no complaint; the old lady's crop of potatoes was certainly the finest for miles round.

"Ah, for once you must be well pleased," he said, with a beaming smile, as he met her in the village street. "Everyone's saying how splendid your potatoes are this year."

The old lady glowered at him as she answered:

"They're not so poor. But where's the bad ones for the pigs?"—*Answers.*

OLD GENTLEMAN (*engaging new chauffeur*): I suppose I can write to your last employer for your character?

CHAUFFEUR: I am sorry to say, sir, each of the last two gentlemen I have been with died in my service.—*Punch.*



THE SEASON'S GREETINGS

Taxed to Capacity

A friendly American who has just arrived in London brings a story of Edison. The great inventor was present at a dinner in New York to which Count Bernstorff had also found his way. The Count spoke of the number of new ships which Germany had built since the war began. He was listened to respectfully enough, although a little coldly, because the sympathies of the party were not with him or Germany.

When he had stopped, Edison looked up and said in a still, small voice, and with a serious face:

"Must not the Kiel Canal be very crowded, your Excellency?"—*Tit-Bits.*

Bargain-Counter Golf

"Fore!" yelled the golfer, ready to play. But the woman on the course paid no attention.

"Fore!" he shouted again with no effect.

"Ah," suggested his opponent in disgust, "try her once with 'three ninety-eight'!"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

He's so reckless he's always taking chances.

"Oh, do send him to our charity bazaar."—*Baltimore Sun.*

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Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address.

The enthusiasm for France inspired by Lafayette is re-inspired by Perrier.



Perrier

FRENCH NATURAL
SPARKLING
TABLE
WATER

AMERICAN epicures have always preferred the famous French vintages; they now equally prefer the famous French water, Perrier—the water whose brilliance and captivating delicacy are as natural as the bloom upon the purple cluster.

Perrier is bottled at the Springs in the South of France amidst the glorious French vineyards. Obtainable at all high-class Hotels, Restaurants, and Grocers.

PERRIER, LTD. 515 Longacre Bldg.
Cor. Broadway & 42d St., New York.

For a high-class High-ball—say PERRIER.



Bubbling with its own carbonic gas.

NOW is Ideal Time

START your lawn care *right* this season. Have the Ideal ready for the very first cutting.

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower meets every turf trimming requirement—insures a consistently beautiful sward. It eliminates the nuisance of a horse-drawn contrivance on your lawn, or the expense of a squad of hand-propelled machines. Gives *double* the care more *efficiently* and more *economically*.

Write us for full particulars—*now*, while making your plans for a beautiful lawn.

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower Company

R. E. OLDS, Chairman

408 Kalamazoo St.
Lansing, Michigan

Ideal
Junior
Power
Lawn
Mower
\$225



Rhymed Reviews

Beltane, the Smith

(By Jeffery Farnol. Little, Brown & Co.)

A SMITH, though born of noble kin,

My gentle Beltane, strong and winning,

Became the greatest paladin
That ever rade a-paladinning

To free the land he drew the sword,
His warlike genius exercising

Against the most tyrannic lord
That ever practised tyrannizing.

He raised a band of broken men.

He loved, with ardor unabating,
The fairest maid that (up till then)
Had plied the art of captivating.

Assailing nobles fierce and lewd
And armored hosts beyond review-
ing,

A thousand miscreants he slewed,
Then wiped his blade and kept on
slewing.

Alack! The youth was seized and
bound!

His Helen seemed a siren scathe-
ful.

But he was freed, and she was found
The faithfulest of all the faithful.

How many towns our hero saved!

How many demoiselles despairing!
What strokes he gave, what odds he
braved,

Vantine's
The Oriental Store

IS THE

"Gate-way to The Orient"—

A PERMANENT exposition of things unique and rare, a wondrous Oriental Fairyland, where are displayed in almost endless variety exclusive fabrics, artistic bronzes, distinctive lamps, fine Oriental rugs, unique furniture, beautiful kimono and evening coats, and thousands of other Oriental articles of art and utility for personal use or presentation purposes.

Write for a copy of the Vantine Catalog

Mailed postpaid upon request

It brings this wonderful store to your home and explains how you may shop by mail at Vantine's no matter how far from New York you reside. Contains 120 pages of distinctive and unique Oriental objects—many in actual colors. Including kimono, evening coats, wadded robes for men and women, hand bags, Oriental slippers, shawls, scarfs, purses, jewelry, perfumes, ivories, novelties, bronzes, baskets, toys, Japanese toweling, crepes, table covers, stationery, etc., Write now as edition is limited. Address Department 34.

A-A-VANTINE-&CO.

Inc.
Fifth Ave. & 39th St., New York



A Most Effective Mouth-Wash - Dentifrice

You cannot thoroughly protect your teeth against decay by polishing their front surfaces with powder or paste and neglecting the other surfaces.

Brush your teeth with Listerine—the liquid antiseptic; then thoroughly rinse the mouth with diluted Listerine.

This treatment will clean the front surfaces of your teeth, remove particles of food from between the teeth, and protect those tooth surfaces which the brush cannot cleanse.

LISTERINE
The Safe Antiseptic

Listerine Has Many Uses

as a general household antiseptic—to prevent the infection of small cuts and wounds—for purposes of personal hygiene and in the care of children. These and other uses are described in an attractive booklet, lithographed and illustrated, which will be sent free upon request.

Listerine is sold everywhere in original packages—round bottles in brown wrappers.

Four Sizes: 15c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00

Manufactured only by

Lambert Pharmacal Co.

St. Louis, Mo.



What griefs he bore beyond all bearing!

But when with falchion trenchanted

All rogues were slain, all wrongs were righted,

My Beltane and his duchess pledged
The truest plightings ever plighted.

A slaughterous book! I'll go ye bail
That well-nigh every page is bleed-
ing.

Odds homicide!—the reddest tale
That I have had the fun of reading!
Arthur Guiterman.

How It Happened

"Lillian," said mother severely, "there were two pieces of cake in the pantry this morning, and now there is only one. How does this happen?"

"I don't know," replied Lillian regretfully. "It musta been so dark I didn't see the other piece."

—Ladies' Home Journal.

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



Done

"Well," said the doctor, "you're cured at last. How do you feel?"

"I feel," said the patient, looking at his wallet sadly, "I feel as if I could start life all over again."—*Lehigh Burr.*

BACARDI Makes The Perfect Cocktail, Rickey or Highball. Try It!

"Aw," said the Englishman, "it must be most unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by persons whom you wouldn't ask to dinner."

"No more so," said the American girl, "than for you to be governed by persons who wouldn't ask you to dinner."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

Wine Jelly when flavored with Abbott's Bitters is made more delightful and healthful. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

MAYBE Sir William Robertson, K. C., V. O., K. C. B., and D. S. O., rose from the ranks, as reported, but it sounds as if he rose from the alphabet.

—*Columbus Citizen.*



Hotel Bossert

A transient—residential hotel of charm and comfort on aristocratic Brooklyn Heights overlooking New York harbor.

MONTAGUE-HICKS-REMSEN STREETS
BROOKLYN



BAKE your BEECH-NUT BACON

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.

Makers of

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter; Beech-Nut Tomato Catsup; Beech-Nut Chili Sauce; Beech-Nut Oscar's Sauce; Beech-Nut Mustard; Beech-Nut Jams, Jellies and Marmalades; Beech-Nut Confections—Chewing Gum and Mints. ASK YOUR DEALER

On the Run

The manager of a big Australian sheep-ranch engaged a discharged sailor to do farm work. He was put in charge of a large flock of sheep.

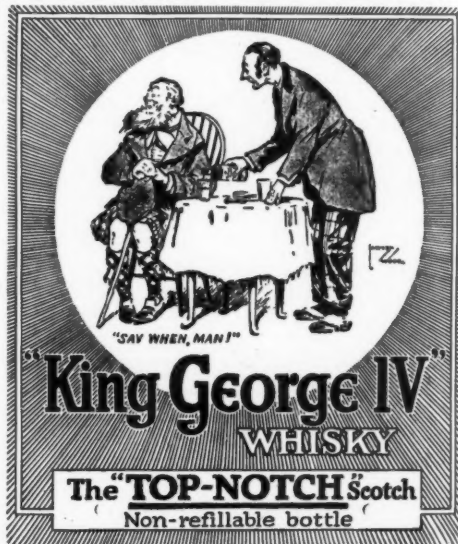
"Now, all you've got to do," explained the manager, "is to keep them on the run."

A run is a large stretch of bushland enclosed by a fence, and sheep have many ingenious methods of escaping from their own to neighboring runs and so getting mixed up with other flocks.

At the end of a couple of hours the manager rode up again—the air was thick with dust as though a thousand head of cattle had passed by.

At last he distinguished the form of his new shepherd—a collapsed heap prone upon the ground. Surrounding him were the sheep, a pitiful, huddled mass, bleating plaintively, with considerably more than a week's condition lost.

"What the dickens have you been do-



ing to those sheep?" shrieked the almost frantic manager.

The ex-sailor managed to gasp out: "Well, sir, I've done my best. You told me to keep them on the run, and so I hunted them up and down and round—and now—I'm just dead beat myself."

—*Tit-Bits.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

"GUESS the neighbors' chickens won't bother my garden next spring."

"What are you going to raise?"

"Cactus, Spanish bayonet and prickly pear."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

JERRY: I have traced my ancestry back to an Irish king.

PAT: Sure that's aisy. What chanst has a dead man to defend himself?

—*Liverpool Mercury.*



The little leather case that is three by two,
It's light, just right, now it's "UP-TO-YOU."



If your dealer does not
carry it, send order direct
to us
UP-TO-YOU Case Co.,

Classy, unique and thoroughly
practical. Operated by one hand,
the forefinger of which opens the
case and brings the contents

"UP-TO-YOU"

No springs, clamps, or pressure to crush
or bruise the cigarettes. A metal shell
covered with leather, inside and out. Size
3 x 2 1/4 in., weight 1 1/2 ozs. In genuine
black seal or imported pigskin. Price \$1.
A special one for full dress in dainty
white Morocco for \$1.25. All postage
paid. With your initials stamped plain
or in gold leaf, 25c additional.

Brattleboro, Vermont

If Japanese Should Go to France

IF Japan sends troops to France to
defend Western civilization against
the German madness, how shall we
Americans feel about it?

We may feel, as the tuneless David
might have said, that the heathen have
crowded in on our birthright and gone
before us into our heritage; but in
view of our great practical gift of self-
restraint, nobody will care a hoot from
Himalaya what our feelings are.

Pretty much all the kinds of people
are already fighting in France. A few
new strains, more or less, can hardly
increase the sense of disturbance
among the spectators.

EARNEST TEACHER: We pro-
duce very little beautiful verse
to-day, children. The greatest living
poets are all dead.

The Medicine Chest

**Used by
her Grandmother**

GRANDMOTHER knew the
benefits of Old Overholt Rye
—how it cured colds and served to
tide the patient to convalescence.

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"
still possesses the same help-
ful qualities, and is the
premier whiskey for medi-
cinal use in the home.

A. OVERHOLT & CO.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



Approved by
Harvey W. Wiley,
Director of Food
Housekeeping
Bureau of Foods,
Sanitation and
Health

Splitting Headaches— For No Reason At All

THESE puzzling headaches are due fre-
quently to intestinal absorption of toxic
substances (auto-intoxication) *without appar-
ent constipation.*

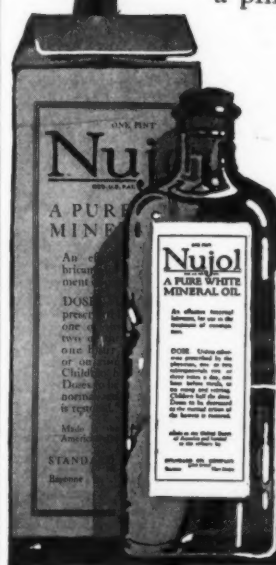
Nujol is particularly valuable in such cases, be-
cause it has the property of absorbing and remov-
ing intestinal toxins, besides giving safe and
effective relief in most cases of periodic and
chronic constipation.

Nujol is not a purge nor a laxative. It acts in
effect as a mechanical lubricant. It prevents the
intestinal contents from becoming hard and so
facilitates the normal processes of evacuation.

Most druggists carry Nujol, which is sold only
in pint bottles packed in cartons bearing the
Nujol trademark. If your druggist does not
carry Nujol, accept no substitute. We will send
a pint bottle prepaid to any point in the United
States on receipt of 75c.—money order
or stamps.

Write for booklet, "The Rational Treat-
ment of Constipation." Address Dept. 15.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)
Bayonne New Jersey



Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Immune

SOME enterprising and inquisitive
student of human affairs and child
psychology should make a census of
the number of sleds left out over night
in yards. And was ever any one of
these sleds stolen?

We have never heard of such a case.
Children's sleds seem to be immune.
There is a penumbra around each one
of them.



THE BLACKSMITH'S SON IN THE CITY

"Magna Est Veritas"

THE teacher had told the pupils the story of Washington and his little hatchet, and had then shown them an engraving which depicted two small boys standing in a repentant attitude, "explaining things to mother."

The title of the picture was "The Truth-tellers," and the children were asked to write a composition thereon.

This was little Johnnie's effort:

"One day mother left me in the house all alone. Pretty soon Tommy Jones came along and said lets go swimming. My mother wont let me. Ah, come on. So I went. When mother came back she said what makes your hair so wet. I said mother i cannot tell a lie I went swimming. And she said Johnnie I'm glad you took a bath."

WHAT sort of an ancestor are you going to make?

"Mum"

(as easy to use as to say)

prevents all odors
of perspiration

No embarrassment dancing or any other time. "Mum" is a great comfort, especially to women.

25c at nine out of ten drug- and department-stores
"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Philadelphia



EGYPTIAN DEITIES

"The Utmost in Cigarettes"
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement
and education invariably
PREFER Deities to
any other cigarette.

25¢

Anagoyros

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World

First-Class Brains and a Very Handsome Lady!

WILLIAM C. BULLITT, who went with the Ford pacifiers for the *Public Ledger*, says "there were four first-class brains on the peace-ship, those of Herman Bernstein, Madame Boissevain, Madame Malenberg and Madame Schwimmer.

One at least of these first-class

Francis Scott Key

Author of

THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER
What Else He Was and Who
By F. S. Key-Smith, Esq.

For Sale by

Army and Navy Register

Box 1521

Washington, D. C.

PRICE, \$1.00, Postpaid

HODGSON Portable HOUSES

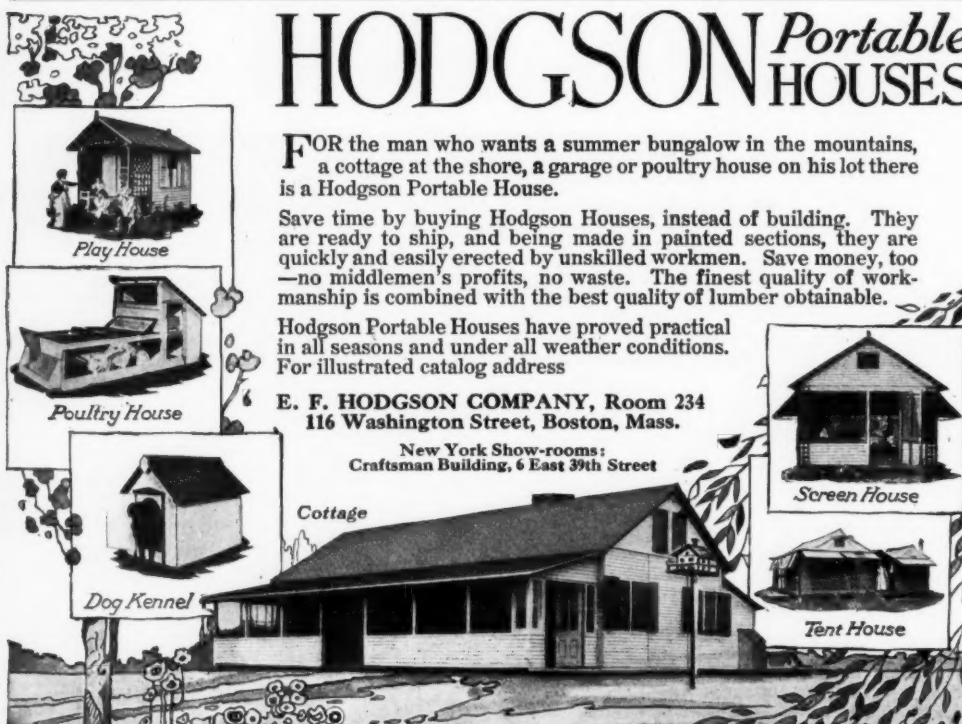
FOR the man who wants a summer bungalow in the mountains, a cottage at the shore, a garage or poultry house on his lot there is a Hodgson Portable House.

Save time by buying Hodgson Houses, instead of building. They are ready to ship, and being made in painted sections, they are quickly and easily erected by unskilled workmen. Save money, too — no middlemen's profits, no waste. The finest quality of workmanship is combined with the best quality of lumber obtainable.

Hodgson Portable Houses have proved practical in all seasons and under all weather conditions. For illustrated catalog address

E. F. HODGSON COMPANY, Room 234
116 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

New York Show-rooms:
Craftsman Building, 6 East 39th Street



brains was embellished by a first-class line of looks.

How high in ability Mr. Bullitt rates the four appears in his putting Sam McClure in with his "dozen good second-class heads" among the Fordites.



"HERE, BOY! DO YOU WANT TO EARN A QUARTER BY CARRYING MY BAG TO THE RAILWAY STATION?"

"I GOT A QUARTER, BOSS."

"Gouging the Public"

REFERRING to the statement recently issued by the anthracite coal operators, which practically serves notice upon coal consumers (that is, the general public) that they are the ones who must be prepared to pay the cost, the *New York World* says editorially:

In the circumstances consumers know by experience what to expect. Since the great anthracite strike of 1902 the miners have twice received a 10 per cent. advance in pay, a net increase of 21 per cent. in 1912 as compared with 1901. But in raising the pay of the miners the operators have raised the price of coal to consumers far more than enough to compensate themselves for the higher wages paid. Where the miner received 13 cents more a ton for mining coal, the consumer was made to pay 50 cents more a ton for the coal he used. When the State of Pennsylvania imposed a tax on anthracite mined, the operators added the tax to the price of coal, collected it for their own protection, then refused to pay the anthracite tax to the State and succeeded in having the Anthracite-Tax Law overthrown in the courts.

In appealing in advance to consumers for their moral support in the approaching negotiations with the mine-workers on the question of higher wages, the operators fail to acknowledge how active they have been during the last fourteen years in gouging the public on their account.

FOWNES GLOVES

The retailer does not make the gloves he sells.

Like you who buy them, he depends chiefly on the reputation of the maker for good value.

Thus, his *own* reputation is involved.

Most dealers who cherish their own reputation welcome the opportunity of depending on the Fownes reputation.

They take no chances.

Neither do you.



The ALL-YEAR Car

A car you can use now and during the bad weather of early Spring. It takes just thirty minutes to remove the top when open driving is desirable.

KISSELKAR

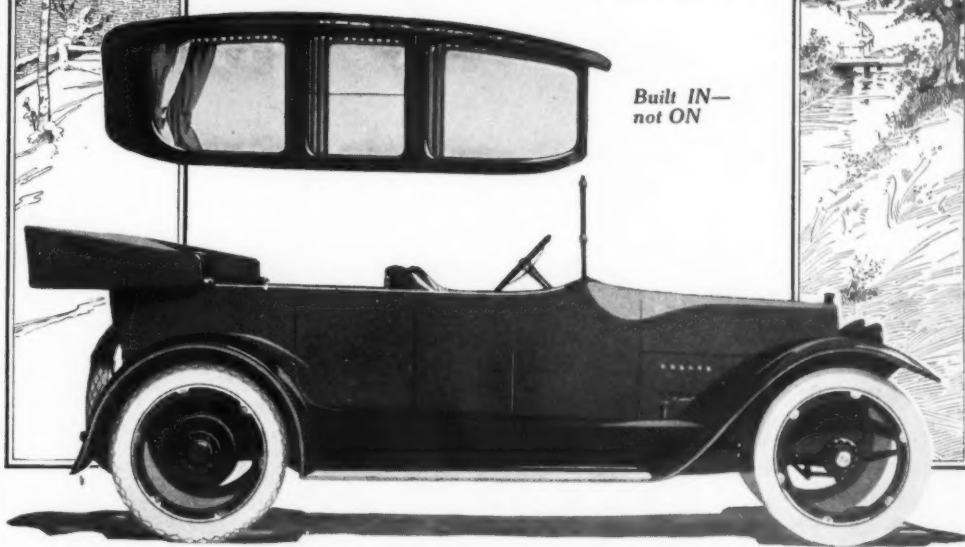
Every Inch a Car

The All-Year Car is mounted on two wonderful chassis—the 42-Six and the High Efficiency 32-Four. \$1450 to \$2100.

Kissel Motor Car Company

418 Kissel Avenue

Hartford, Wis.



Built IN—
not ON

If They Told the Truth

"I WON'T be home to-night, dear. I'm going to break loose and see if I can cure myself of being tired of looking at you."

"Good night! Next time you ask me to such a poor dinner, put me alongside of somebody who is at least half-witted."

"There is absolutely nothing the matter with you, madam, except pure

laziness; but just to maintain appearances and give myself an excuse to call again, I'll write out a couple of prescriptions and charge you five dollars."

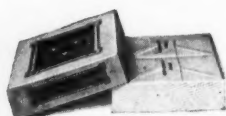
"I can't begin to tell you how little I enjoyed your voice; I don't think I ever heard a worse one."

"Darling, life without you would not be worth living—say, for about a couple of years."

Old Hampshire Bond



The Stationery
of a Gentleman



Not a lady's paper,
not business paper,
but social stationery
for men. We have
a sample packet we
should like to mail
you. Ask us for it

HAMPSHIRE
PAPER COMPANY
South Hadley Falls
Massachusetts

CASCADE

PURE
WHISKY

MELLOW
AS
MOONLIGHT

It takes Nature ages
to make a mellow land-
scape—it has taken Nature
and age to make Cascade's
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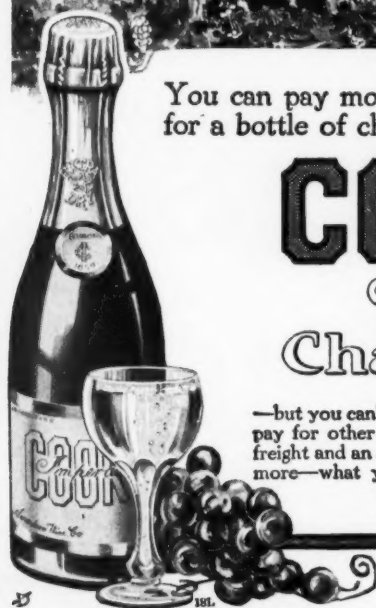
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The Game

(Continued from page 444)

though she had tired of that game, she took a car back to the obscure front door and ran gaily up the long flights. The three rooms at the top were of an astonishing bareness. It seemed incredible that two people could live with so little furniture. The closet to which her finery was retired contained almost nothing else, but she did not put off her gaiety with it. The next hour passed in conjuring a dinner out of a larder as bare as her flat. She did it, triumphantly, calling her main dish Rissole à la Millionaire, and tying a wisp of pink tissue paper about the gas globe. Then she remembered an imported frill that she had seen that afternoon, and fell to developing it out of a bit of net with the fervor of the true creator, who builds best when his materials are scantest. Paris could not have improved on her result. When she ran to admit her husband, not a lady in New York had spent a more exquisitely enjoyable afternoon.

He was only a little different—a little straighter, keener, more glad to see her; but she had not been married to a promoter six years for nothing. "You have struck something," she said at once. The Rissole à la Millionaire went down unheeded while he told her.

Ten months later she sat in her apartment at the Ritz-Plaza, looking on damask furniture and electric bells and orderly completeness. Having looked on them for an hour or so, she put on an intricate costume, and, summoning her new limousine, went down the avenue to a resplendent shop. The car had the roll of a Pullman and the comforts of a boudoir, but the avenue was full of such cars, and its shadow discreetly swallowed up both lady and costume. In the shop she bought a real lace veil for an enormous sum, but she was out again in ten minutes, looking wistfully up and down the avenue, as though for something that did not come. Then she went back to her apartment and sat some more. At tea time she came down among the little tables in another amazing costume, came as one having a right to music and flowers and stares and muffins. She had played this part rapturously in the past, when a rare bit of change could be blown in. Now she actually was it. After tea she went into the corridor where gorgeous ladies stared from velvet chairs, or trailed by with little sleek men a step behind, and there she sat some more. Billy, facing her that night across wine glasses and pink carnations, found her shadowy, thoughtful.

"What is it, old lady?" he demanded. "If there is anything on God's earth you want—"

She tried to tell him. "I've played rich and played it—oh, years and years; and now I am rich."

"And going to be richer," Billy asserted, nodding at her over a lifted glass.

"And it's gorgeous, darling"; then he voice rose to a wail: "But, Billy, what can I play?"

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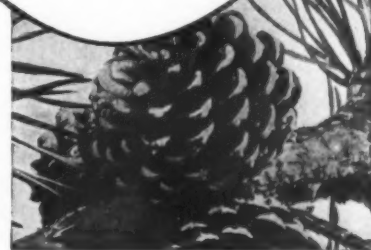
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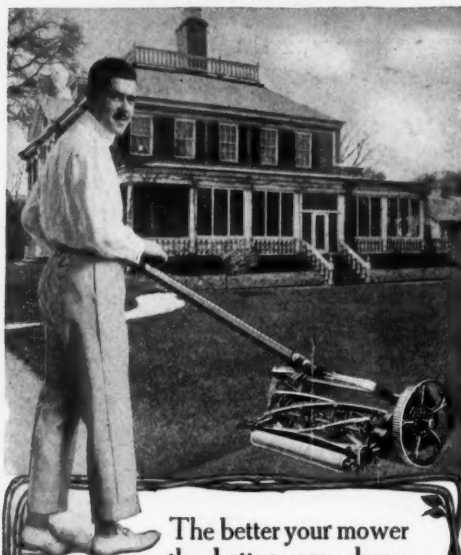
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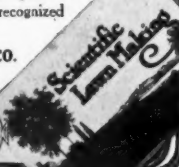
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The Freudian Wish and Its Place in Ethics, by Edwin B. Holt. (Henry Holt & Co.)

Rivers to the Sea, by Sara Teasdale. (MacMillan Company. \$1.25.)

Alcott Memoirs, by Dr. Frederick L. H. Willis. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

On the Lake, by Elizabeth Reynolds. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.00.)

The New England Conscience, by James Phinney Munroe. (R. G. Badger, Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

Persuasive Peggy, by Maravene Thompson. (F. A. Stokes Company. \$1.25.)

West Point in Our Next War, by Maxwell Van Zandt Woodhull, A.M. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.)

Held to Answer, by Peter Clark Macfarlane. (Little, Brown & Co. \$1.35.)

Chinese Art Motives, interpreted by Winifred Reed Tredwell. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.75 net.)

Empire and Armament, by Jennings C. Wise. (G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50.)

In Pastures Green, by Peter McArthur. (E. P. Dutton & Co.)

The Invasion of America, by Julius Muller. (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.)

Fifty Years of American Idealism, by Gustav Pollak. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$2.50.)

The Bottle-Fillers, by Edward Noble. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.40.)

The Beloved Physician, by Edward Livingston Trudeau. (Houghton, Mifflin Co. \$1.00.)

Handle With Care, by Margaret Turnbull. (Harper & Bros. \$1.35.)

The Eternal Magdalene, by Robert McLaughlin. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

The Pioneers, by Katharine Susannah Prichard. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

The Gates of Wrath, by Arnold Bennett. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.50.)

Verve, by Adelaide Crapsey. (The Manas Press, Rochester, N. Y.)

Sarah Bernhardt, an Appreciation, by Forrest Izard. (Sturgis & Walton Co. 50 cents, net.)

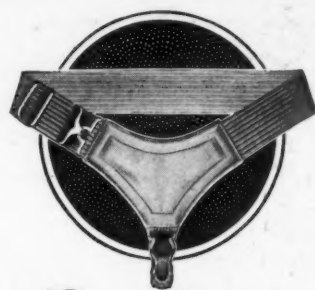
Artists and Thinkers, by L. W. Flaccus. (Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.)

The Note-Book of a Neutral, by Joseph Patterson. (Duffield & Co.)

Felicity Crofton, by Marguerite Bryant. (Duffield & Co. \$1.35.)

Plays for Small Stages, by Mary Aldis. (Duffield & Co. \$1.25.)

Wee MacGregor Enlists, by J. J. Bell. (Fleming H. Revell Company. \$1.00.)

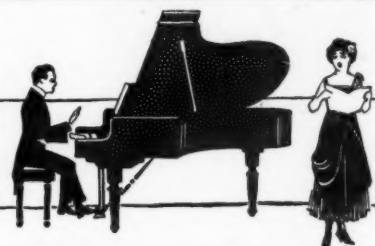


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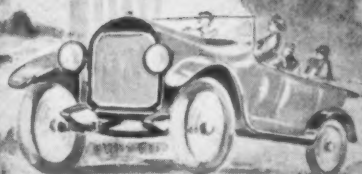
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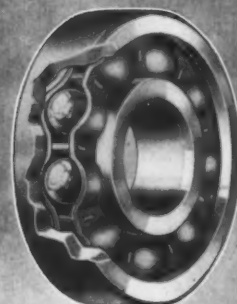
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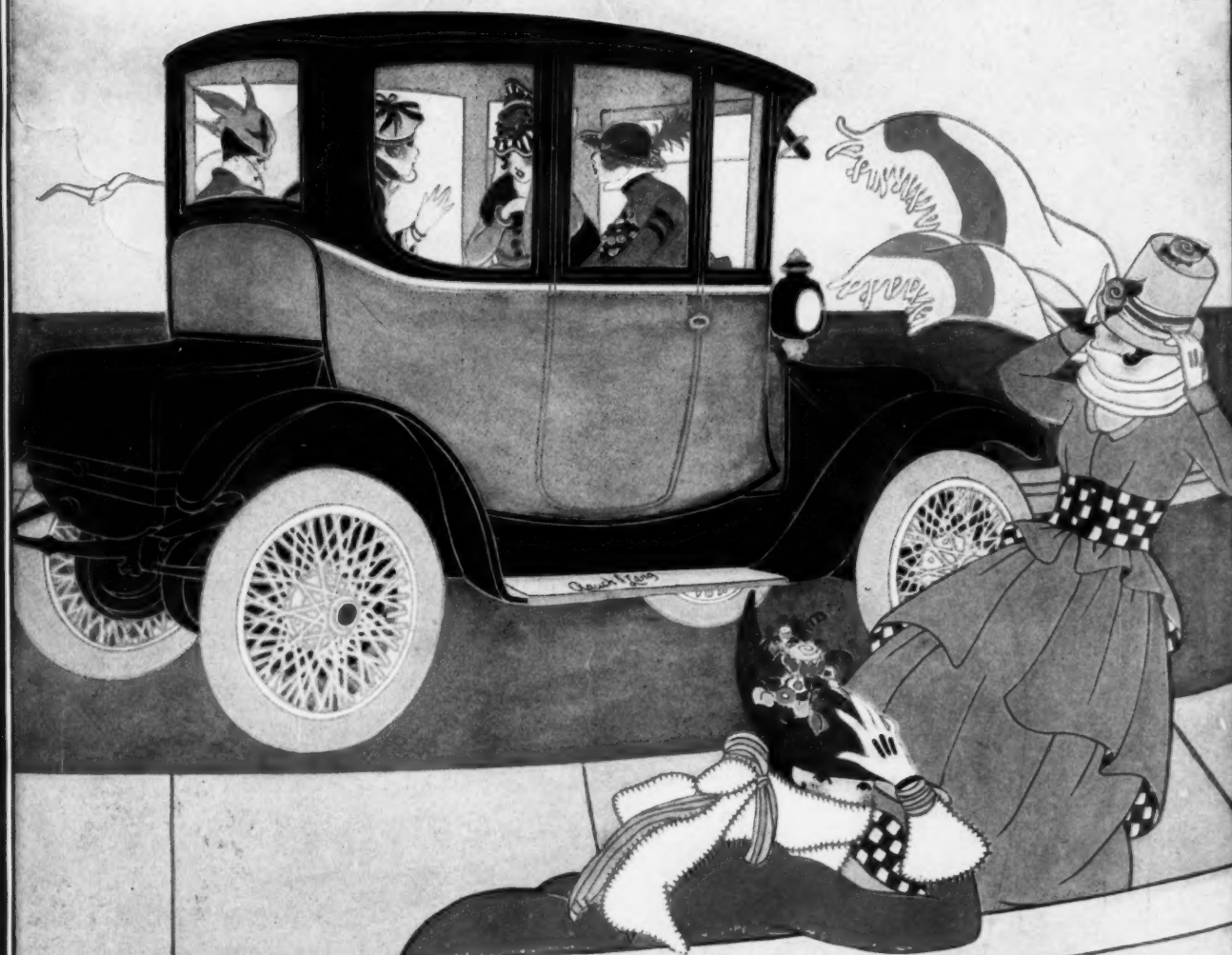
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